HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 365.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

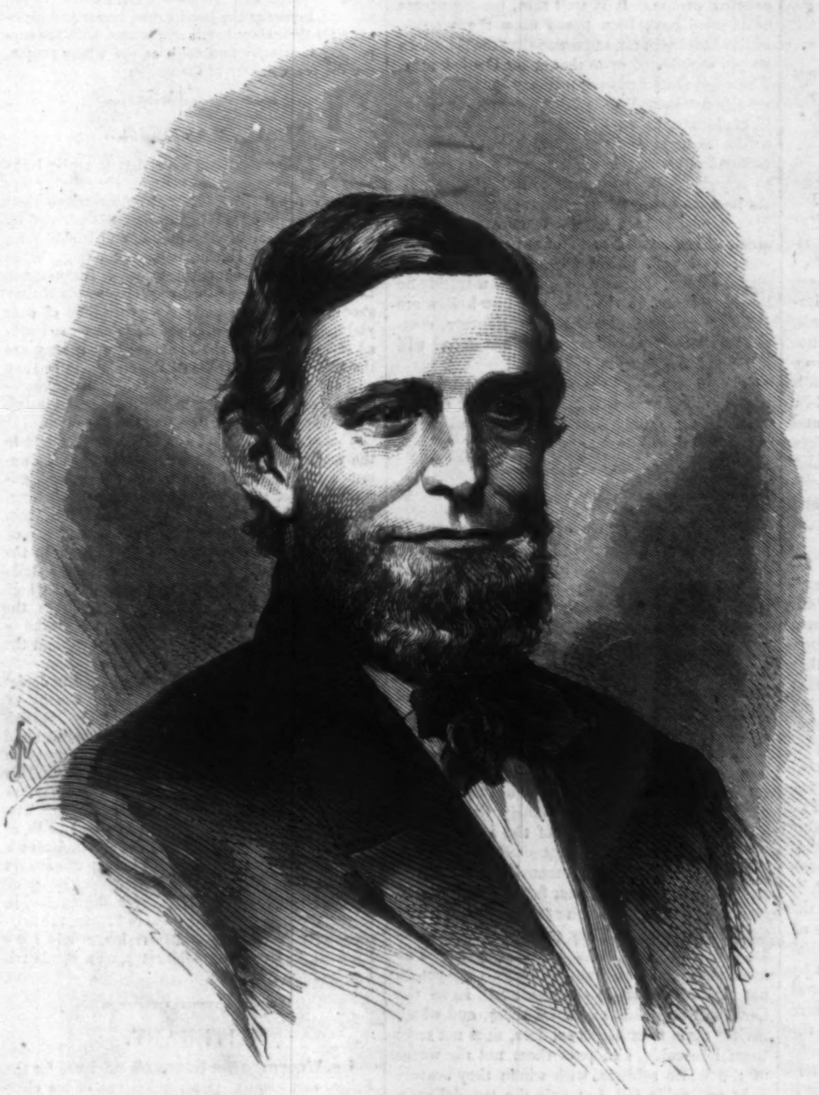
HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX,

THE NEW SPEAKER.

WE give on this page a Portrait, from a photograph by Brady, of the Hon. SCHUYLER COLFAX, who has just been elected Speaker of the House of Representatives. Mr. COLFAX was born in New York City on the 23d of March, 1823, and is descended from General SCHUYLER and Captain COLFAX, both of whom fought in the Revolution. At thirteen years of age he removed to Indiana, where he soon began life as a printer, in which humble capacity he rose to a position of influence and honor. About twenty years ago he became the proprietor of *The South Bend Register*, and as a necessity of his position became connected with the politics of his State. His political connection was with the Whig party, so long as it retained its organization, after which he became an earnest Republican.

Mr. COLFAX has now been a member of Congress for nearly ten years. He was elected Representative from Indiana in 1854, and has held the office ever since. In the thirty-fifth Congress he was chosen Chairman of the Committee on Post-offices and Post Roads, and for one or two years past he has been one of the Regents of the Smithsonian Institute.

In his personal appearance he is a little below the medium height, has dark eyes and hair, and a large forehead. He is a fluent speaker, distinct in his utterance, and impressive. He is very bland and courteous in demeanor, and kind and affable in all his social relations. On the 7th of December, 1863, he was elected Speaker of the House. Although the position was never of greater moment than in the present session, yet only a single ballot was cast, the result of which was the election of Mr. COLFAX by a vote of 101 to 81. This decided vote settles at once all doubt as to the firm purpose of the House to support the Administration.



HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX, THE NEW SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

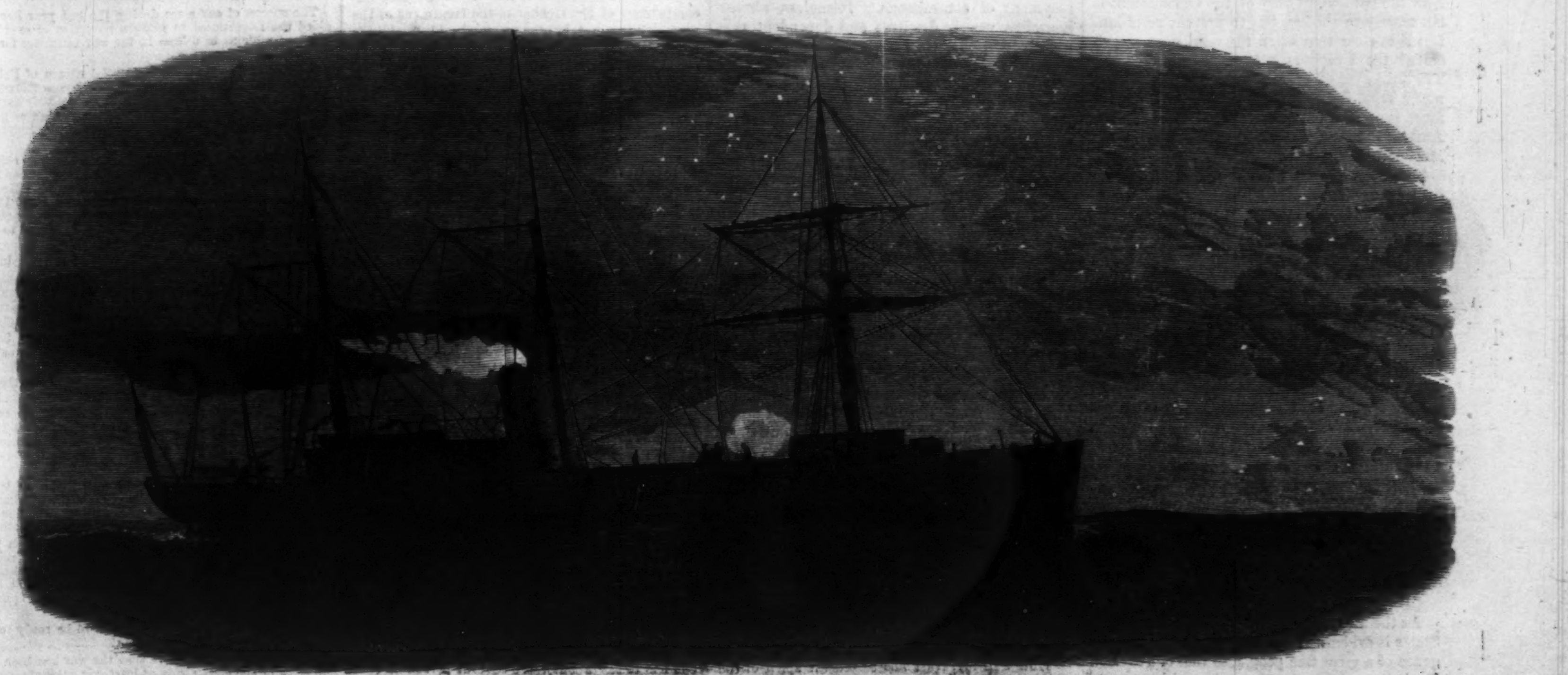
CAPTURE OF THE STEAMER "CHESAPEAKE."

ON Wednesday, December 9, H. B. Cromwell & Co., of this city, received a telegraphic dispatch from the Mayor of Portland stating that the steamer *Chesapeake*, owned by them, had been captured twenty miles north-northeast from Cape Cod, at half past one o'clock, Monday morning, by British pirates, who had started from New York as passengers. The *Chesapeake*, of which we publish a sketch on this page, was on her way to Portland, Maine.

From statements made by Captain Willett, who commanded the steamer, we learn that the piratical party consisted of fifteen persons, headed by a Mr. Osborne, a coast pilot from St. John, New Brunswick. The whole party concerned in the perpetration of this daring outrage—an outrage which did not stop short of cold-blooded murder—was made up of British subjects, residents of St. John and Carleton, New Brunswick. The seizure took place in the following manner:

The Captain had retired for the night. The second engineer (Owen Shaffer) had charge of the engine, and the chief mate (Charles Johnson) held the watch. At a quarter past one the pirates were up and doing. The first notification of their presence was given in the deliberate and unnecessary murder of Shaffer, who had just returned from oiling the engine when he received a mortal wound in the neck. Johnson, the mate, was going to the pantry, and witnessed the deed. On his way to the captain's room he was himself fired at, and received two wounds, one in the arm and another in the knee. He succeeded in arousing the captain, who, soon after his arrival on deck, was put in irons, having been fired at fifteen or twenty times, but, strange to say, without injury. The chief engineer (James Johnson) also was wounded. In all these cases of firing at the officers of the *Chesapeake* there was no attempt at parley, no warning of any sort: the pirates were sheer cowards. The officers being all secured—one of them killed, two wounded, and the others put in irons—the helmsman and third engineer alone being left at their posts, Osborne took charge of the vessel, and all was quiet again. After the seizure the prisoners were treated with great consideration, and the *bona fide* passengers, five in number, were left at their liberty, on condition of their non-interference. These five passengers were all old sea-captains. All the ordinary operations usual on shipboard went on as usual until Tuesday morning, when the vessel was brought to anchor in Seal Harbor, off the island of Grand Menan. Thence she was brought up the bay toward St. John, having received on board a new captain, viz., John Parker, of the privateer *Retribution*. At Dipper Harbor, twelve miles from St. John, the captives were allowed just ten minutes to transfer themselves and their baggage to the pilot-boat, which was towed up to within seven miles of St. John by the *Chesapeake*, when the latter cast off tow and returned down the bay, picking up on the way a schooner supposed to have had guns, ammunition, coal, etc., on board for the new pirate.

These pirates gave Captain Willett a copy of "Orders from the Confederate Government," which is without official seal—a mere fabrication, which will not save the rogues from hanging if they are caught. Similar plots, it is believed, have been formed against other vessels. The *Chesapeake* was built in 1852, by J. A. Westervelt, and is 460 tons burden.



CAPTURE OF THE STEAMER "CHESAPEAKE" BY BRITISH PIRATES, DECEMBER 7, 1863.

CHRISTMAS, 1863.

In the first grand days of the prophets
  God stood with His armèd men;
In the last grand days of the Christians
  He standeth with them again.

His presence then won the battle
  That was for the Christ to be;
And His presence now is conquest
  For the Christ that made men free.

And the early strife was holy,
  By the peace it ushered in;
And the later is God's commandment,
  By the peace it hath to win.

For the peace of Christ hath millions
  Accepted the battle trust;
And yet, till His peace is perfect,
  Shall war for the right be just:

War for the right unshaken,
  To partake not of a sin;
War with its outward horrors,
  And the heavenly peace within.

The right is the peace eternal:—
  And thus is this Christmas morn
Rich in that day's fruition
  When the Prince of Peace was born.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, December 26, 1863.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE Message of this year is the most important document ever submitted by the Executive to Congress and the country. Elsewhere in our columns we give an abstract of its important points, and in the President's own words, because a conciser and clearer statement is not possible. There has been occasionally some sharp criticism of his "style," but there are few state papers more direct and incisive than his. He knows exactly what he means to say, and exactly how to say it. And when his Messages and letters are compared with those of our Chief Magistrates for many a year, their true American ring, their manly faith in human rights and the people, are as unprecedented as they are inspiring.

The President's plan of reconstruction is familiar to all our readers. It is simple and radical; it is also inevitable. For either the rebels must be left to determine when to throw down their arms and rush back to the Union to secure political power, or they must understand that their chiefs are excepted from pardon, and that the system for which they took up arms having ceased legally to exist, all hope of its restoration must be abandoned. The former is the Copperhead plan. It proposes that whenever a rebel chooses to say that he returns to his allegiance he may resume all his political rights. The President's plan proposes that he shall resume his political rights, not when he says that he is sorry, but when he says that he is sorry in such a manner that he can reasonably be believed.

That something more than an oath to the Constitution is necessary to secure the peace of the Union is clear enough from the fact that Jefferson Davis himself does not allow that he has violated his oath. In his view secession is consistent with the Constitution. Resistance to coercion is not, according to him and the State Rights school, rebellion. Simple repetition of such an oath, therefore, would be merely the first step to another conspiracy, because it leaves the object of the conspiracy untouched. Now the paramount duty of the Government is not merely to subdue, but to prevent rebellion. But it is clear that when the rebel guns are silenced the Union is not necessarily restored. The initiative of political action in the States which rebellion will leave sullen and passive must proceed from the National Government. And how more simply and wisely than as the Message suggests?

The President has been often accused of tardily following instead of leading public opinion. But it is his great merit that he early saw this to be a war in which the people must save themselves. If they were unequal to the task, a popular government was a failure. And therefore he has sought only to be the executive magistrate of their will, which he has divined with more sagacity than any public man in our history. It is that sagacity which now admonishes him to put into clear and simple form the settlement to which the national common-sense irresistibly tends. He has done it. Not as an advocate, or partisan, or fanatic, but with the same wisdom and passionless equity which has marked his official career from the moment he commended himself to the prayers of his old friends and neighbors at Springfield, and set forth to undertake as vast a duty as was ever committed to man.

THE REBEL MESSAGE.

As the Message of the President of the United States is evidently a simple appeal to the intelligence of a great free people, so that of Jefferson Davis is an elaborate effort at imposition upon a mass of ignorant and deluded followers, whom he and the other rebel chiefs have always controlled, first by keeping them ignorant, and then by inflaming their passions. Had these men ever allowed the truth to be spoken in the Slave States, had they not always nullified the cardinal provision of the Constitution protecting the freedom of speech, they could never have "precipitated" the Southern people into rebellion. The leaders hold their victims now as they always held them, by means of ignorance maintained by terror.

The Message of Davis is the last word of haughty desperation. Many of its statements are plainly false; and its arguments painfully feeble, as when he speaks of the United States as a power which might end the war by disunion. Pray, where and what are the United States after disunion? The baffled conspirator shakes his impotent fist at Great Britain because it would not directly help to found a nation devoted to slavery upon the ruins of a friendly ally loving liberty. He fawns upon France in saying that if the people of Mexico choose to change their form of government it is a right which we (the rebels) have exercised and can not deny to another people. It is well said, for the people of Mexico have been heard upon the question of the Empire in the same way that the Southern people were heard upon that of the Confederacy. The rebel chief finds the military reverses of the rebellion "inexplicable." The currency of the Confederacy, he says, is three times too large for its business, and the glimpses he gives of the bottomless pit of the rebel finances are enough to occasion still more "inexplicable" disasters. As he approaches the end of his discourse all the rancor of his hate breaks forth in malignant abuse of our generals and of our conduct of the war; and with pitiful inconsequence this defeated traitor, after having shown how utterly he has been beaten in the field, and how hollow are all his resources and hopes for the future, complains that the Government he has defied will not concede him to be victorious!

The judgment of the world can not mistake the significance of this Message. It is not the strain of a man who has "created a nation," it is the fierce cry of rage and despair.

A NEW BUREAU.

Now that the policy of the Government is maturely settled, it is clear that one of the chief questions of the immediate future will be the care of the freedmen. In ordinary times, when emancipation is enforced by law, as in the case of the British colonies, and especially in Jamaica, the rage and pride of the planters prevent a fair trial of the experiment. They refuse to treat honorably as paid laborers those whom they have been used to drive as cattle, and the inevitable consequence is that the great plantations fall into ruin, and the laborers take to the bush. Nothing is surer than that if the planters of Jamaica had been as equal to the new condition introduced by emancipation as the slaves were, the prosperity of the island would never have been disturbed.

The condition of our emancipated slaves is such as to require the most faithful and intelligent care. The operation of the act is to attract them to our lines. They come in groups of utterly destitute men, women, and children. The most unfortunate of human beings, they yet do not find corresponding sympathy. Even the Government which has freed them, and which invites them to enlist as soldiers, does not treat them honorably, and pays them not the wages of the white soldiers, with whom they bravely fight and nobly fall, but only the ten dollars a month allowed by the law for the general employment of contrabands. Homeless, almost houseless, utterly destitute and dependent, this rapidly-increasing class of our population demand a peculiar care. It is idle to say that no particular class of persons can be provided for, but they must all take their chance, because we recognize that common-sense is the basis of statesmanship when we establish a Bureau of Indian Affairs and a Department of Agriculture. Indians and farmers are the two classes directly interested; but does any body quarrel with the bureaus for that reason?

The sagacity of the President will undoubtedly lead him to make some proposition to Congress for the establishment of a Freedman's Bureau, charged with the care of this exceptional class. Davis says in his Message, with a sly leer at Europe, "By the Northern man, on whose deep-rooted prejudices no kindly restraining influence is exercised, they [the negroes] are treated with aversion and neglect." But the reluctance to touch the subject, the stupid prejudice against the word Abolitionism, the dull slang about "one idea," must give way to plain practical common-sense, or the country will be dishonored.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Ought it not to be a merry Christmas? Even with all the sorrow that hangs, and will forever hang, over so many households; even while the war still rages; even while there are serious questions yet to be settled—ought it not to be, and is it not, a merry Christmas?

How well Mr. Nast has seized the spirit of the great festival in the elaborate and beautiful picture which we publish this week! The central scene is the home of the soldier and his Christmas welcome from wife and darlings, for just that is the central scene of our American holidays this year. It is the soldier who has saved us our homes and filled our holidays with joy. It is the soldier who is lifting the dark winter-cloud beyond which smiles the bright spring of national regeneration. It is the soldier who is securing the peace that will make the life of the children sleeping together in the crib, and over whom the dear old bear, Santa Claus, is bending, a long and happy holiday.

Next year let us hope that the delicate, and thoughtful, and forcible pencil of our friend Nast may draw a picture of the National reunion, of the return of the prodigal who has been living on husks and with harlots, the rebel soldier returning to his country and his fellow-citizens, the soldier who did not know that in fighting the brave man whom we see in the picture of to-day, he was fighting his true friend, as well as honor and liberty. Peace on earth is the Christmas benediction. Blessed then the brave men upon the Rio Grande, in Louisiana, along the Mississippi, in the mountains of Chattanooga, in the Valley at Knoxville, upon the Potomac, and the Rappahannock, and the James River; among the North Carolina barrens and the South Carolina Islands, with the great army of sailors upon the rivers and the sea—to all, whether on sea or land, heroes of the good cause, honor and blessing; for their stout hands and hearts, with the supporting sympathy and faith of the whole people, are the peacemakers of the nation.

UNMASKING.

The Richmond *Whig* says that it really looks as if the South might be overrun. On another day it declares that the rebels can only retrieve their misfortunes by imitating the methods adopted by the Yankees in retrieving theirs; and it calls for a truly great General and a great army to be put in the path of General Grant in three weeks. It says again that the rebels would be a race of cowards if they should even contemplate the possibility of ever yielding to a foe so contemptible, so cruel, so loathed and abhorred as the Yankees; and if they are the race they have believed themselves to be they will not give way to despondency, but nerve themseves for a fiercer struggle and more costly sacrifices. In fact, they will die in the last ditch.

This strain of remark is a fit accompaniment to the melancholy Message of Davis. It is the unmusical whistling of boys in the grave-yard, announcing not their courage but their foreboding. In these articles, as in the addresses of Davis, there is, on the part of the rebels, the same travesty of noble sentiment and heroic resolve which, in the case of a really oppressed and suffering people striking for relief are solemn and touching, but which are merely ludicrous and contemptible in the mouths of men who deliberately undertake a bloody revolution with no other purpose than the perpetuity of injustice.

The British aristocracy has tried hard to depict these rebellious American citizens as worthy of sympathy, like the Poles or the Greeks. British statesmen labored to paint them as a small band of noble gentlemen struggling for their freedom and rights with a vulgar democratic tyranny. This wretched effort has also failed. All the masks begin to fall. The ghastly facts are appearing. The conspiracy of slaveholders is at last seen to be as base and inhuman as that of St. Bartholomew's Day against the Huguenots. That too was loudly commended. Muretus called it a great victory of the true faith. And if Slavery had prevailed in this contest, as Catholicism did in France, the aristocracy, which fears popular rights, would have hailed it, in the spirit of Muretus, as a signal triumph of the true faith.

LITERARY.

Dr. Worthington Hooker's "Science for the School and Family" (Harpers) is one of his clear and simple expositions, containing, as he says, only what every body ought to know. Of the singular competency of Dr. Hooker to the treatment of the subjects he undertakes the most valuable testimony is that of Miss Peabody, the experienced head of the Boston Kindergarten. She says of the "Child's Book of Nature," by Dr. Hooker, that "it will be a great help to our object-teacher," "and is the very best introduction of children to flowers."

It is in her "Kindergarten Guide" (T. O. H. P. Burnham), just published in Boston, that Miss Peabody speaks of Dr. Hooker. She and her sister, Mrs. Horace Mann, whose admirable "Moral Culture of Infancy" is included in the convenient volume, have had long and extensive experience as teachers, and the first Kindergarten upon a great and successful scale was that of Miss Peabody. Now, as she says, they are springing up in all our cities, and the necessity of a "Guide" is apparent. The theory of the Kindergarten is simply experience and common-sense applied to the teaching of children. It requires that the most clumsy hands shall not be considered competent to the most delicate work, and that to teach so as not to make knowledge as unpalatable to the child as medicine demands a tenderness and thoughtfulness which are no more universal than other rare qualities. The "Guide" is most interesting and invaluable to all who have little folks to teach or to be taught.

Charles Dickens's Christmas story for the year is entitled "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings." It tells how Mrs. L. carried on the business; how the First Floor did this, and the Side Room did that; how the Second Floor kept a dog, and the Third Floor knew the Potteries; with details of the proceedings of the Best Attic and the Parlors. What Mr. Dickens has to say about these several personages can be ascertained at the small charge of ten cents. (Published by Harper & Brothers.)

The holidays will bring no more fascinating book for boys than Henry Mayhew's "Boyhood of Martin Luther" (Harpers), and parents will not enjoy it less than the children. It is a fresh story to almost every body but scholars; for although one of the greatest of men historically, Martin Luther's life is not as familiar to boys as that of many an old Greek and Roman. Mr. Mayhew has worked with his heart as well as his head, and has made a truly delightful book, even retaining a quaint old German flavor, which is an added charm.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

General Meade has demanded that a court of inquiry shall be held in reference to his late movements; and it is said that the result of this inquiry will decide the question as to his removal.

Deserters from the rebel lines state that a large number of soldiers in the Southern armies will take advantage of the amnesty offered in the President's Proclamation, as soon as they can become acquainted with its propositions. The Richmond *Sentinel*, speaking of this amnesty, regards it as intended to make capital in Europe.

Furloughs are at present being freely given both to the officers and men of the Army of the Potomac.

The British schooner *Maria Alberta* was captured, on the 27th of November, while attempting to run the blockade into Bay Port, by the schooner *Two Sisters*. She had cleared from Havana for Metamoras.

Jeff Davis has just been denounced in the rebel Congress as the author of the late defeat at Chattanooga.

General Longstreet in his retreat from Knoxville lost four thousand prisoners and nearly all his cannon and trains.

The President writes a letter to General Grant, congratulating him in the following terms:

"Major-General Grant,—Understanding that your lodgment at Chattanooga and Knoxville is now secure, I wish to tender you, and all under your command, my more than thanks—my profoundest gratitude—for the skill, courage, and perseverance with which you and they, over so great difficulties, have effected that important object. God bless you all! A. Lincoln."

John Morgan, the guerrilla, when last seen was in a buggy with a female making for Dixie, and closely pursued by Federal detectives.

Within the last three weeks nearly three hundred men have died of wounds or disease in the Chattanooga hospitals.

Rebel guerrillas have been collecting in considerable force along the banks of the Mississippi, and especially at the mouth of Red River. Their purpose seems to have been to capture steamers, and with them cross the river to reinforce General Bragg. We very much fear that they come to the rescue rather late in the day.

Guerrillas also are reported as very active between Chattanooga and Knoxville.

The Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania Regiment has been ordered home from the West on furlough, having re-enlisted as veteran volunteers.

The next day after the United States steamer *Circassian* (Captain Eaton) left Charleston (the 9th) she captured the celebrated blockade-runner *Minna*, which prize—one of the finest of the war—she brought in tow to Fortress Monroe last Sunday.

The small-pox has broken out among the prisoners of war in the hands of the Confederate authorities at Belle Isle and at Lynchburg. To prevent its spread General Butler has sent a package of vaccine matter sufficient to vaccinate six thousand persons.

The orders under which the steamer *Chesapeake* was captured were issued from a John Parker formerly Captain of the privateer *Retribution*, but now, until caught, Captain of the unfortunate *Chesapeake*.

Mr. Clement C. Barclay, of Philadelphia, has gone to Fortress Monroe to apply to the rebel authorities for permission to visit Richmond, as a member of the Sanitary Committee, to offer his services in attending to our suffering soldiers in Libey Prison and elsewhere.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry S. Russell, Second Massachussetts Cavalry, takes command of the Fourth Massachussetts Cavalry, the first mounted colored regiment that has been raised.

Major-General Lew Wallace is at Poughkeepsie awaiting orders.

General F. P. Blair, of General Grant's staff, has returned to Washington.

The prize steamship *Jupiter*, captured while trying to run the blockade into Wilmington, was sold on Wednesday at Philadelphia for twenty-nine thousand dollars.

The Corps d'Afrique, under General G. L. Andrews, has been stationed at Port Hudson since its capture last July.

The command of Matagorda Bay gives us substantially the control of Central and Western Texas, and of all the important points on the east coast except Galveston.

The Indiana soldiers in hospital, in and around Washington, Alexandria, Baltimore, and Annapolis are to be removed to Indianapolis.

The Federal force is now firmly planted in every rebel State.

The success of our arms during the last year has enabled the Department to make a reduction of over two hundred millions of dollars in the war estimates for the ensuing fiscal year.

Joshua C. Gunnell, an influential citizen of Fairfax County, and an intimate friend of Governor Smith, of Virginia, has received permission from the War Department to visit Richmond for the purpose of obtaining the release of several Union men in Castle Thunder, captured by Mosby's guerrillas in that County.

Since March 1, 1861, the naval bureau has been obliged to order 2980 tons of powder. This vast amount has been promptly furnished by the Messrs. Du Pont of Wilmington, and the Schaghticoke, Hazard, American, and Union Powder companies. The above mills supply the necessities of the navy so fully that it has been compelled to seek no supply from a foreign market.

Our total loss in killed, wounded, and missing in the siege of Knoxville falls short of 1000.

Admiral Dahlgren has already made arrangements with Mr. Whitney, who is raising the monitor *Keokuk* at Charleston harbor, also to raise the *Weehawken*.

The *Chesapeake* left Shelburne, Nova Scotia, on Saturday last, with only a small amount of coals. She was supposed to be prowling about for more.

The rebel Congress has passed a bill prohibiting the employment of substitutes in the army.

Senator Foote, of Tennessee (rebel), adverting to the horrible cruelties practiced upon our prisoners at Richmond, admits that the poor fellows had been reduced to starvation, but threw the blame upon Northrup, the rebel Commissary.

The Bahama *Herald* is advised from Richmond "that the month of December is regarded as the most trying one of the whole war, its entire future and essential final result depending in a very great measure upon the issue."

According to a dispatch received December 12th from General Butler, the rebel authorities decline to receive any more packages or provisions for the Union prisoners. One of their papers, as an explanation of this refusal, says, that the acceptance of these supplies is a stain upon the honor of the South.

The new gun-boat *Kansas* is said to be ready to sail under sealed orders in pursuit of the *Chesapeake*.

The Mobile *Register* says that the war has been productive of one good result at least, viz., the cheapening of negroes in the Gulf States, on account of so many slaves being driven South.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*December* 9. Mr. Foster presented resolutions of the General Assembly of Connecticut for modifying the Enlistment Act, so that town organizations should be credited for men raised under former calls. Mr. Lane gave notice of bill indemnifying citizens of Lawrence for damages by Quantrell's raid. The President's Message was read. Joint resolutions from the House proposing thanks to General Grant received and laid over for consideration. —*December* 10. After transacting informal business the Senate adjourned to Monday, the 13th, to allow time to arrange the committees.—*December* 14. Mr. Dixon presented petition of Assessors for increase of compensation, and gave notice of bill exempting clergymen from conscription. Standing Committees were elected, the following being chosen Chairmen of the most important: Foreign Relations, Sumner; Finance, Fessenden; Commerce, Chandler; Agriculture, Sherman; Military Affairs, Wilson; Naval Affairs, Hale; Judiciary, Trumbull; Post-office, Collamer; Public Lands, Harlan; Indian Affairs, Doolittle; Pensions, Foster; Claims, Clark; District of Columbia, Grimes; Territories, Wade. Mr. Wilson introduced resolutions thanking Generals Hooker and Meade, and the Army of the Potomac, for their conduct at Gettysburg, and General Banks and his army for the capture of Port Hudson; referred to Military Committee, as was the joint resolution offering thanks and a gold medal to General Grant. Mr. Lane introduced bill striking out the $300 commutation clause in the enrollment act, and increasing the pay of soldiers. Mr. Wilson presented resolutions from the Massachusetts Legislature for an increase of pay of soldiers. Mr. Hale received unanimous permission to introduce bill for more effectually repressing the rebellion by prohibiting the holding of any person in servitude except by contract. Mr. Wilkinson introduced bill granting pensions to persons wounded in the Indian wars in Minnesota. Mr. Wilson introduced bill to increase the bounty to volunteers.—*December* 15. Mr. Wilson presented memorials from paymasters' clerks, hospital stewards, and inspectors of customs in Boston, asking for an increase of salary. Mr. Henderson presented a memorial relative to a new railway line between New York and Washington. Mr. Lane, of Kansas, introduced a bill to prevent speculative traffic in gold, silver, and foreign exchange. It prohibits, under penalty of a fine of not less than $1000 or more than $10,000, and imprisonment for not less than one month or more than twelve months, the sale of gold, silver, or foreign exchange by any banker or broker except at his regular place of business, and prohibits the sale of these articles unless actually delivered and paid for on delivery. Mr. Foote introduced a bill granting public lands to the People's Pacific Railroad and Telegraph Line. Mr. Sumner submitted resolutions directing the Judiciary Committee to consider the expediency of appointing commissioners to revise, simplify, correct, and arrange the public statutes of the United States; laid over. Mr. Anthony offered a resolution of thanks to General Burnside and the officers and soldiers of his army. Mr. Lane, of Indiana, introduced a bill amending the act defining conspiracies, and that for enrolling and calling out the national forces. Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, called up the resolutions relating to the exchange of prisoners, and argued against the policy of refusing to exchange white prisoners because the rebels refused to exchange negro captives. Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, replied, urging the continuance of the exchange, and that Southern prisoners equal in number to the colored prisoners in the hands of the enemy should be retained. He maintained that our colored soldiers must be protected. Mr. Davis rejoined, condemning the policy of the Administration in carrying on the war. The debate was continued by Messrs. Hale and Lane. The resolution was referred to the Military Committee. The Senate then went into executive session.

HOUSE.—*December* 9. Invitation of the Russian Admiral to visit his vessels accepted. Notices of the following bills presented: By Mr. Hubbard, to equalize enrollments and subdivisions of districts; by Mr. Stevens, to fix the time for election of members of Congress; to place colored soldiers on the same footing with whites in regard to pay, bounty, and pensions; to authorize the construction of the Pacific Railroad; to repeal the fugitive slave laws of 1793 and 1850; to repeal the joint resolution of July 17, 1862, explanatory of the act for suppressing the insurrection. Mr. Cox's resolution urging the President to take measures for the exchange of prisoners came up; Mr. Washburne presented a substitute approving the efforts of the Administration, and recommending their continuance; the substitute was agreed to by 94 to 73, and the resolution passed by 106 to 46. Mr. Julian gave notice of a bill to amend the fugitive slave acts so as to prevent the return of fugitives. The President's Message was received, read, and 50,000 extra copies ordered to be printed.—*December* 10. Mr. Pendleton gave notice of a bill to admit members of the Cabinet to the floor of the House, with the privilege of debating upon matters belonging to their departments. Rev. W. H. Channing was elected chaplain, receiving 86 votes to 55 given for Bishop Hopkins. The House adjourned to Monday, the 14th.—*December* 14. The Speaker announced the Standing Committees, the following being the Chairmen of the principal ones: Elections, Dawes; Ways and Means, Stevens; Claims, Hale; Commerce, Washburne; Public Lands, Julian; Post-office, Alley; District of Columbia, Lovejoy; Judiciary, Wilson; Manufactures, Moorhead; Agriculture, Clay; Military Affairs, Schenck; Naval Affairs, Rice; Foreign Affairs, Davis, of Maryland; Territories, Ashley; Expenditures of War Department, Deming; Expenditures of Navy Department, Baxter. Mr. Fernando Wood introduced a resolution reciting that the President had declared that the Union cause had gained important advantages, and that we could now "offer to the insurgents an opportunity to return to the Union without imposing upon them degrading or destructive conditions; therefore Resolved, that the President be requested to appoint three Commissioners who shall be empowered to open negotiations with the authorities at Richmond to the end that this bloody, destructive, and inhuman war shall cease, and the Union be restored upon terms of equity, fraternity, and equality under the Constitution." The resolution was laid on the table by a vote of 98 to 59. The Committee on Military Affairs was instructed to inquire into the expediency of increasing the pay of privates in the army to $25 per month, and increasing the pay of officers and musicians 40 per cent; and also to inquire into the expediency of paying for losses of property occasioned by Morgan's raid into Ohio and Indiana. The Committee on Agriculture was instructed to report on the expediency of establishing an Emigrant Bureau, in connection with the Department of the Interior. A joint resolution was passed directing the Secretary of the Treasury to furnish semi-monthly to Congress a statement of receipts and disbursements, the other Secretaries to furnish him with a weekly statement of their disbursements. Mr. Julian's resolution directing the Judiciary Committee to report a bill repealing and modifying sections of the fugitive slave laws, was laid on the table by a vote of 82 to 74.—Resolutions to the following effect were presented; but debate arising, they were laid over under the rules: By Mr. Wadsworth, that the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited to the States, are reserved to the States or to the people, and that the Executive can not interfere with their exercise by the people; by Mr. Cox, that the Secretary of War be directed to communicate to the House the report of General M'Clellan concerning his operations as Commander-in-Chief, and Commander of the Army of the Potomac; by Mr. Harding, that whenever rebellion in any State has been put down, such State shall be restored to all its rights including that of regulating its domestic institutions, free from all Congressional or Executive control or dictation; by Mr. Finch, that the Federal Government has power to use the army and navy to put down resistance to the authority of the United States, but not to reduce the States to the condition of Territories; and that the war should not be waged to overthrow the institutions of any of the States, but only to maintain the Constitution and preserve the Union and the rights of the States, and that when these objects are attained the war ought to cease. Mr. Holman offered a series of resolutions to the effect that the doctrine that insurrectionary States should be reduced to the condition of Territories, and governed by the will of Congress or the Executive, is wrong; that the war ought to be waged only to put down the armed insurrection; not to interfere with the rights of the States; that when the people of these States submit to the Constitution they should be restored to all their rights; and that Congress should make all necessary appropriations to carry on the war in order that "through a vigorous prosecution of the war peace on the basis of the Union of the States and the supremacy of the Constitution may be most speedily obtained." These resolutions were laid on the table by a vote of 82 to 74. Mr. Lovejoy offered a resolution instructing the Committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of placing into any bills which they may report a provision putting all soldiers without distinction of color upon the same footing as to pay. Mr. Cox moved to lay the resolution on the table, but the motion was not agreed to, and the resolution passed. On motion of Mr. Arnold a resolution was passed instructing the Committee on Commerce to inquire into the operation of the Reciprocity Treaty with the British Provinces, and to suggest any alterations which may make it more beneficial to both parties.—*December* 15. A message was received from the President, recommending a vote of thanks to Captain John Rogers, the captor of the ram *Fingal*, this preliminary being required by law in order that he may be raised to a higher rank in the navy. Mr. Stevens introduced a resolution referring the different portions of the President's Message to proper Committees—that relating to the condition of the rebellious States to a select Committee of nine. Mr. Davis of Maryland offered a substitute that the portion which relates to the duty of the United States to guarantee a republican form of government to the States be referred to a select Committee of nine, who should draw up the necessary bill. Mr. Brooks of New York was opposed to any instructions being given to the Committee; but if such were given, he would be disposed to add that they should inquire also "whether republican government has not been abrogated and overthrown in the North as well as the South since the revolution began." Mr. Davis's substitute was adopted by a vote of 89 to 80, and the remainder of Mr. Stevens's resolutions were adopted. On motion of Mr. Cox, it was resolved that seven additional committees be appointed to examine into and report upon the accounts and expenditures of the different Departments, these committees to have all the powers of Committees of Investigation. Mr. Cox's resolution calling for the Report of General M'Clellan was adopted.

THE MESSAGE.

The President's Message and the Reports from the Heads of the Departments give the main events in the history of the year. We present the leading points:

Foreign Relations.

We remain in peace and friendship with foreign powers. The efforts of disloyal citizens of the United States to involve us in foreign wars, to aid an inexcusable insurrection, have been unavailing. Her Britannic Majesty's Government, as was justly expected, have exercised their authority to prevent the departure of new hostile expeditions from British ports. The Emperor of France has, by a like proceeding, promptly vindicated the neutrality which he proclaimed at the beginning of the contest. Questions of great intricacy and importance have arisen out of the blockade, and other belligerent operations, between the Government and several of the maritime powers, but they have been discussed, and, as far as was possible, accommodated in a spirit of frankness, justice, and mutual good-will. It is especially gratifying that our prize courts, by the impartiality of their adjudications, have commanded the respect and confidence of maritime powers.

Finances.

The receipts during the year from all sources, including loans and the balance in the treasury at its commencement were $901,125,674 86, and the aggregate disbursements $895,796,630 65, leaving a balance on the 1st July, 1863, of $5,329,044 21. Of the receipts there were derived from customs, $69,059,642 40; from internal revenue, $37,640,787 95; from direct tax, $1,485,103 61; from lands, $167,617 17; from miscellaneous sources, $3,046,615 35; and from loans, $776,682,361 57; making the aggregate $901,125,674 86. Of the disbursements there were for the civil service, $23,253,922 08; for pensions and Indians, $4,216,520 79; for interest on public debt, $24,729,846 51; for the War Department, $599,298,600 83; for the Navy Department, $63,211,105 27; for payment of funded and temporary debt, $181,086,635 07; making the aggregate, $895,796,630 65, and leaving the balance of $5,329,044 21. But the payment of funded and temporary debt, having been made from moneys borrowed during the year, must be regarded as merely nominal payments, and the moneys borrowed to make them as merely nominal receipts, and their amount, $181,086,635 07, should therefore be deducted both from receipts and disbursements. This being done, there remains as actual receipts, $720,039,039 79; and the actual disbursements, $714,709,995 58, leaving the balance as already stated.

The Navy and the Blockade.

The duties devolving on the naval branch of the service during the year, and throughout the whole of this unhappy contest, have been discharged with fidelity and eminent success. The extensive blockade has been constantly increasing in efficiency. If the navy has expanded, yet on so long a line it has so far found it impossible to entirely suppress illicit trade. From returns received at the Navy Department it appears that more than one thousand vessels have been captured since the blockade was instituted, and that the value of prizes already sent in for adjudication amount to over thirteen millions of dollars. The naval force of the United States consists at this time of five hundred and eighty-eight vessels, completed and in the course of completion; and of these seventy-five are iron-clad, or armored steamers. The events of the war give an increased interest and importance to the navy which will probably extend beyond the war itself. The armored vessels in our navy completed and in service, or which are under contract and approaching completion, are believed to exceed in number those of any other power; but while these may be relied upon for harbor defense and coast service, others of greater strength and capacity will be necessary for cruising purposes, and to maintain our rightful position on the ocean.

Colored Soldiers.

Of those who were slaves at the beginning of the rebellion, full one hundred thousand are now in the United States military service, about one-half of which number actually bear arms in the ranks; thus giving the double advantage of taking so much labor from the insurgent cause, and supplying the places which otherwise must be filled with so many white men. So far as tested, it is difficult to say they are not as good soldiers as any. No servile insurrection, or tendency to violence or cruelty, has marked the measures of emancipation and arming the blacks.

Emancipation Laws and Proclamations.

Those laws and proclamations were enacted and put forth for the purpose of aiding in the suppression of the rebellion. To give them their fullest effect there had to be a pledge for their maintenance. In my judgment they have aided and will further aid the cause for which they were intended. To now abandon them would be not only to relinquish a lever of power, but would also be a cruel and astounding breach of faith. I may add, at this point, that while I remain in my present position I shall not attempt to retract or modify the Emancipation Proclamation, nor shall I return to slavery any person who is free by the terms of that proclamation, or by any of the acts of Congress. For these and other reasons it is thought best that support of these measures shall be included in the oath; and it is believed that the executive may lawfully claim it in return for pardon and restoration of forfeited rights, which he has a clear constitutional power to withhold altogether, or grant upon the terms he shall deem wisest for the public interest. It should be observed, also, that this part of the oath is subject to the modifying and abrogating power of legislation and supreme judicial decision.

The Proclamation of Amnesty, appended to the Message, is one of its most important features. This we give in full:

The Proclamation of Amnesty.

Whereas, In and by the Constitution of the United States, it is provided that the President shall have power to grant reprieves and pardons for offenses against the United States, except in cases of impeachment; and, whereas, a rebellion now exists, whereby the loyal State governments of several States have for a long time been subverted, and many persons have committed and are now guilty of treason against the United States:

And, whereas, with reference to said rebellion and treason laws have been enacted by Congress declaring forfeitures and confiscation of property and liberation of slaves all upon terms and conditions therein stated, and also declaring that the President was thereby authorized at any time thereafter by proclamation to extend to persons who may have participated in the existing rebellion, in any State or part thereof, pardon and amnesty, with such exception and at such time, and on such conditions as he may deem expedient for the public welfare.

Whereas, the Congressional declaration for limited and conditional pardon accords with the well-established judicial exposition of the pardoning power; and, whereas, with reference to the said rebellion, the President of the United States has issued several proclamations with provisions in regard to the liberation of slaves; and, whereas, it is now desired by some persons heretofore engaged in the said rebellion to resume their allegiance to the United States, and to reinaugurate loyal State governments within and for their respective States; therefore I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do proclaim, declare, and make known to all persons who have, directly or by implication, participated in the existing rebellion, except as hereinafter excepted, that a full pardon is hereby granted to them and each of them, with restoration of all rights of property, except as to slaves, and in property cases where the rights of third parties shall have intervened, and upon the condition that every such person shall take and subscribe an oath, and thenceforward keep and maintain said oath inviolate; and which oath shall be registered for permanent preservation, and shall be of the tenor and effect following, to wit:

I, ———, do solemnly swear in presence of Almighty God that I will henceforth faithfully support, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States and the Union of the States thereunder, and that I will in like manner abide by and faithfully support all acts of Congress passed during the existing rebellion with reference to slaves, so long and so far as not repealed, modified, or held void by Congress, or by decision of the Supreme Court; and that I will, in like manner, abide by and faithfully support all proclamations of the President made during the existing rebellion, having reference to slaves, so long and so far as not modified or declared void by decision of the Supreme Court. So help me God.

The persons excepted from the benefits of the foregoing provisions are all who are, or shall have been, civil or diplomatic officers or agents of the so-called Confederate Government; all who have left judicial stations under the United States to aid the rebellion; all who are, or shall have been, military or naval officers of said so-called Confederate Government, above the rank of colonel in the army or of lieutenant in the navy; all who left seats in the United States Congress to aid the rebellion; all who resigned commissions in the army or navy of the United States, and afterward aided the rebellion; and all who have engaged in any way in treating colored persons, or white persons in charge of such, otherwise than lawfully as prisoners of war, and which persons may have been found in the United States service as soldiers, seamen, or in any other capacity; and I do further proclaim, declare, and make known, that whenever, in any of the States of Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, South Carolina, and North Carolina, a number of persons, not less than one-tenth in number of the votes cast in such State at the Presidential election of the year of our Lord 1860, each having taken the oath aforesaid and not having since violated it, and being a qualified voter by the election law of the State existing immediately before the so-called act of secession, and excluding all others, shall re-establish a State Government which shall be republican, and in no wise contravening said oath, such shall be recognized as the true Government of the State, and the State shall receive thereunder the benefits of the constitutional provision which declares that

"The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion on application of the Legislature, or of the Executive when the Legislature can not be convened, against domestic violence."

And I do further proclaim, declare, and make known that any provision which may be adopted by such State government in relation to the freed people of such State which shall recognize and declare their permanent freedom, provide for their education, and which yet may be consistent, as a temporary arrangement, with their present condition as a laboring, landless, and houseless class, will not be objected to by the national Executive.

And it is engaged as not improper that, in constructing a loyal State government in any State, the name of the State, the boundary, the subdivisions, the constitution, and the general code of laws as before the rebellion be maintained, subject only to the modifications made necessary by the conditions hereinbefore stated, and such others, if any, not contravening said conditions, and which may be deemed expedient by those framing the new State government. To avoid misunderstanding, it may be proper to say that this Proclamation, so far as it relates to State governments, has no reference to States wherein loyal State governments have all the while been maintained; and for the same reason it may be proper to say, that whether members sent to Congress from any State shall be admitted to seats constitutionally, rests exclusively with the respective houses, and not to any extent with the Executive. And still further, that this Proclamation is intended to present the people of the States wherein the national authority has been suspended, and loyal State governments have been subverted, a mode in and by which the national authority and loyal State governments may be re-established within said States or in any of them, and, while the mode presented is the best the Executive can suggest with his present impressions, it must not be understood that no other possible mode would be acceptable.

Given under my hand, at the city of Washington, the eighth day of December, A.D. one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the independence of the United States of America the eighty-eighth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President:
WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

REPORTS FROM THE DEPARTMENTS.

The Report of the *Secretary of the Treasury* presents an elaborate exposition of the financial condition of the Government for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1863, with estimate, for the year ending June 30, 1864. We give its leading features, in round numbers, disregarding all sums of less than one million of dollars.—It was estimated that the receipts of the Government, apart from loans, for the year ending June 30, 1863, would be 180 millions; the amount was actually 124 millions, the deficiency arising from internal revenue, which it was estimated would produce 85 millions, while the receipts were only 37 millions. It was estimated that the actual expenditures of the year would be 693 millions; the amount was 714 millions; of this sum 590 millions were derived from loans, which form an addition to the public debt. This debt on the 1st of July, 1862, was 508 millions; our debt was therefore on the 1st of July, 1863, 1098 millions. The expenditures of the Government for the present fiscal year are estimated at 749 millions; of which 161 millions will be derived from customs and taxes, and the remaining 588 millions from loans. The debt of the nation on the 30th of June, 1864, will then be 1686 millions. The actual amount on the 30th of September, 1863, was 1228 millions. The estimates for the fiscal year commencing July 1, 1864, are only approximations, and are based on the supposition that the war will still continue. The revenue from ordinary sources is put down at 206 millions, the expenditures at 751 millions, leaving 545 millions to be provided for by loans. According to these estimates our entire debt on the 30th of June, 1865, will be about 2232 millions. In order to make the internal revenue bring in the sum of 150 millions the Secretary recommends increased taxes and duties upon various articles of luxury, prominent among which are that the duty on distilled spirits be fixed at sixty cents per gallon; on tobacco from five to twenty-five cents per pound, on petroleum ten cents per gallon; and on cotton two cents per pound. The Secretary thinks that there will be no difficulty in procuring loans at reasonable rates.

The Report of the *Secretary of War* gives a rapid resumé of the military operations of the year, the main features of which are that, upon the whole, their influence "in suppressing the rebellion and restoring the authority of the Government can scarcely be overestimated." In the West "the rebel territory has been cut in twain, and the States West of the Mississippi no longer furnish supplies to the rebels, while the people of these States are showing such signs of returning loyalty that a speedy restoration of civil government may be confidently anticipated." The operations against Charleston have not accomplished all that was anticipated; but they have exhibited great skill and bravery on the part of our forces. By the recent operations in Texas the chief avenue of the rebels for foreign commerce and foreign aid is cut off. In the East there has been little material change. The armies of Lee and Meade occupy nearly the same relative positions as they did a year ago; the combats have been attended by about equal loss on both sides, without material advantage to either. Western Virginia is clear from any rebel force. Nothing of importance has taken place in the Departments of Virginia and North Carolina. In the Department of Missouri the enemy have been driven across the Arkansas. The question of the exchange of prisoners is treated at length. The essential points are, that the agreement by which prisoners on either side were to be released on parole until exchanged has been systematically violated by the enemy. At Vicksburg and Port Hudson we captured and paroled about 35,000, not a few of whom, without having been exchanged, have since been found in the Confederate armies; and again, the Confederate Government refuses to consider our colored soldiers or white officers who command them, when captured, as prisoners of war, but treats them as criminals, refusing to exchange them. As the matter now stands they have 13,000 of our soldiers, while we have 40,000 of theirs. They refuse to exchange man for man, demanding that we should give all of theirs in exchange for all of ours. To this we can not accede. In the mean while our prisoners in their hands undergo the utmost hardships, while theirs in our hands are well cared for. If necessary, we must resort to retaliation.—The conscription has been enforced in twelve States, bringing in 50,000 soldiers and $10,000,000 of money. The question of abolishing the $300 exemption clause is commended to the consideration of Congress. The conduct of the colored troops in our armies is commended.—The operations of the Ordnance Department are given in detail. We give a few details, which are a sample of the whole. At the opening of the war we had 1052 siege and coast guns, and have since procured 1064; of field-artillery we had 231 pieces, and have procured 2734; of infantry fire-arms we had 473,000, and have procured 1,950,000; of cavalry fire-arms we had 31,000, and have procured 338,000; of balls and shells we had 363,000, and have procured 2,562,000, and so on in proportion. At first we were compelled to rely on foreign countries for our arms and munitions; now we manufacture them ourselves. Our troops have been paid up to October 31, 1863.——General Halleck presents a long, elaborate, and able Report upon the military operations of the year. This report is so compact as to admit of no satisfactory abridgment. The leading facts have already been given in our current Numbers.

The Report of the *Secretary of the Navy* presents a careful account of the growth and present condition of our fleet, with a summary of its operations during the year. At the commencement of the present Administration we had 76 vessels, of which only 42 were in commission. At the time of the last Report of the Secretary a year ago we had 427 vessels, with 3268 guns, tonnage 340,036 tons. We have now 588 vessels, with 4443 guns, tonnage 467,967 tons; an increase, exclusive of losses, of 161 vessels, 1175 guns, 127,931 tons. We have, meanwhile, lost 32 vessels, with 166 guns, tonnage 15,985 tons. Of these lost vessels 12 were captured, 3 destroyed to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy, 4 were sunk in battle or by torpedoes, and 13 lost by shipwreck, fire, and collision. Of our present 588 vessels 46 are iron-clad steamers for coast service; 29 iron-clad steamers for inland service; 203 side-wheel steamers; 198 screw-steamers; and 112 sailing vessels. The number of vessels captured by our blockading fleets, exclusive of a large number destroyed on the Mississippi and other rivers, is 1045; of these 547 were schooners, 179 steamers, 131 sloops, 30 brigs, 26 barks, 15 ships, and 117 yachts and small boats. The value of the prizes sent into court for adjudication is fully $13,000,000.

CAPTURE OF A REBEL GARRISON.

From Fortress Monroe General Butler reports that on the 13th a detachment under Colonel West captured a garrison at Charles City Court House, consisting of 8 officers and 82 men, destroying their camp and equipments. In this expedition the New York Mounted Rifles marched 76 miles in 44 hours, the New York 139th 61 miles in 54 hours, mostly in a severe storm, moving day and night.

TENNESSEE.

Nothing important, upon which reliance can be placed, is reported of the movements and position of Bragg's army, now commanded by Hardee, or of Longstreet's forces in their retreat from Knoxville. General Burnside, at his own request, has been relieved from his command, in order that he may attend to private business. He is succeeded by General Foster.

TEXAS.

General Banks has returned to New Orleans. The latest news from his expedition to Texas is to the effect that our forces under Major-General Washburne have seized the approaches to Matagorda. The rebel garrison of Fort Esperanza, consisting of 1000 men, fled at the approach of our troops, first blowing up the magazines. A high gale prevented the co-operation of the gun-boats with the land-forces, or the enemy would probably have fallen into our hands. Ten guns were captured, ranging from 24 to 108 pounders. The command of Matagorda Bay substantially gives us the control of Central and Western Texas, and all the important points on the sea-coast except Galveston.

LOSS OF THE "WEEHAWKEN."

The "Monitor" *Weehawken* was sunk in Charleston Harbor on the 6th of December. A storm, severe but not dangerous, had sprung up; the water dashed over the vessel, pouring down the forward hatchway, and filling the anchor-room, but without exciting any apprehension. The apparatus for preventing the rush of water to the cabin was out of order, and the water poured in in a steady stream while officers and men were at dinner. When the cry "She is sinking!" was raised the confusion was so great that the proper means of shutting off the other compartments were neglected, and the vessel went down in a few minutes. About 30 men, who were below and unaware of the danger, were carried down. The vessel itself will be raised.

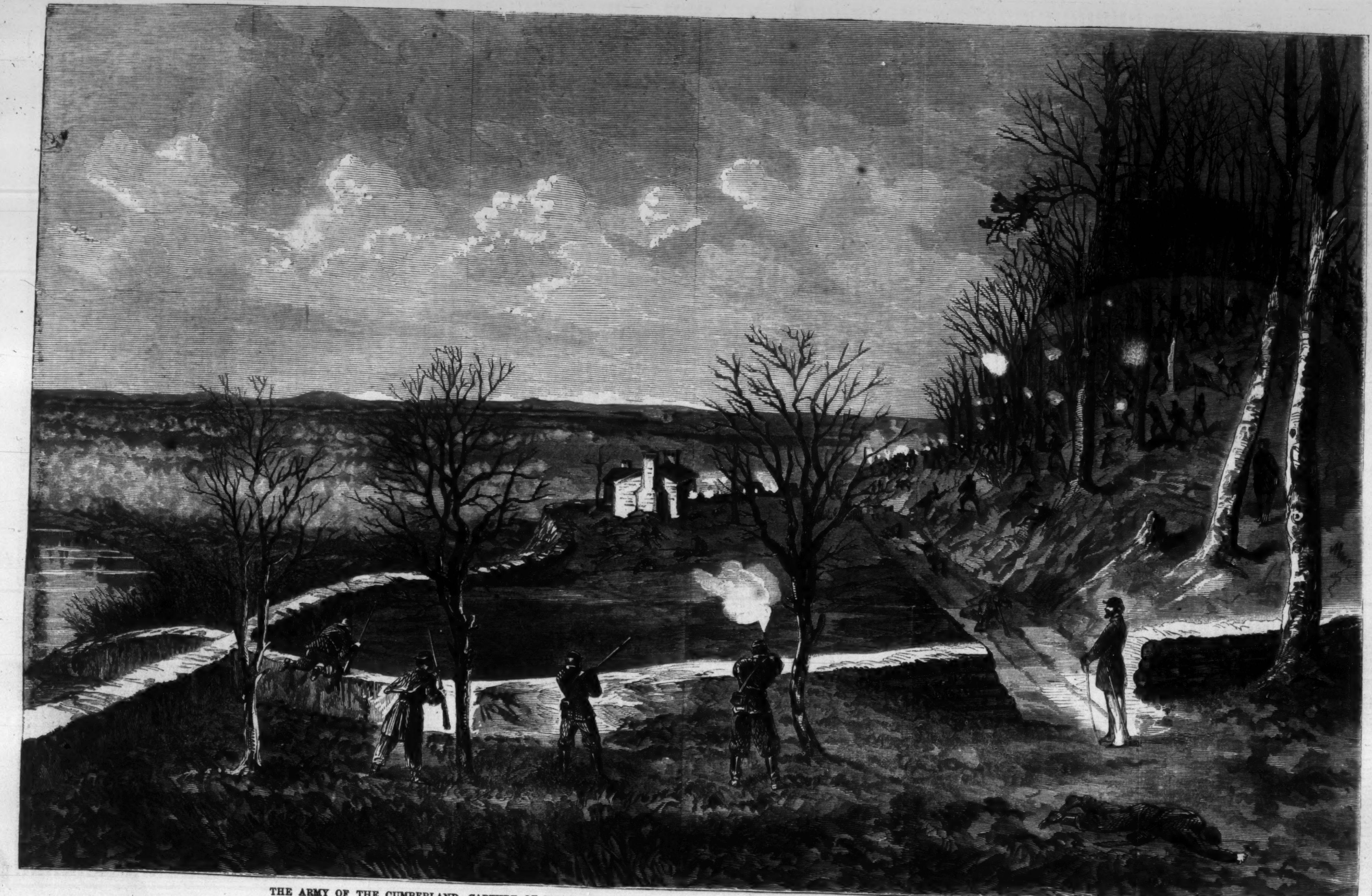
THE CHESAPEAKE PIRACY.

A daring act of piracy was committed on the 7th of December in the seizure of the steamer *Chesapeake*, plying between New York and Portland, by a gang of rebels who had embarked upon her as passengers. Full details of this exploit are given on page 817. We have as yet no accounts of the recapture of the steamer, though it is hoped that it will be effected.

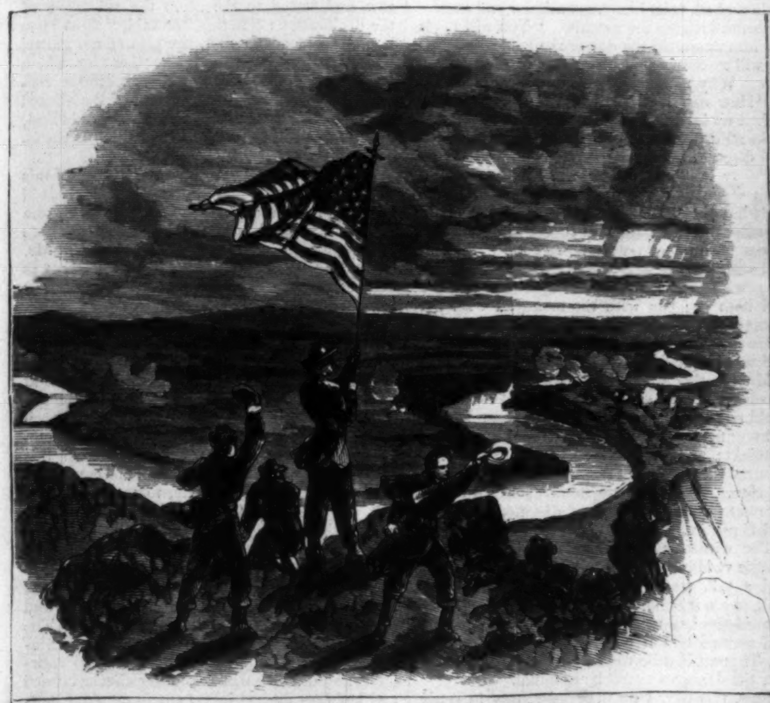
FOREIGN NEWS.

THE EUROPEAN CONGRESS.

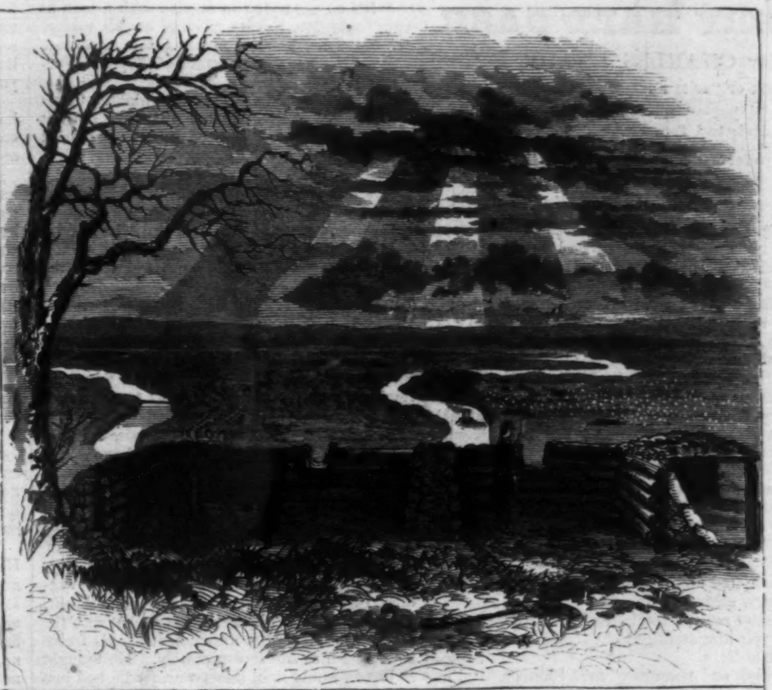
THE correspondence between the French and English Governments relating to the proposed European Congress, has been published. On the 4th of November the French Emperor wrote to "Madame my sister," the Queen of England, setting forth his reasons for desiring the Congress, and requesting her Majesty to participate in it. On the 11th Earl Russell replied that the matter should be taken into consideration. Diplomatic correspondence ensued; explanations were asked and given; and the decision of the British Government was finally announced on the 25th, in these words: "Not being able to discern the likelihood of those beneficial consequences which the Emperor of the French promised himself when proposing the Congress, her Majesty's Government, following their own strong convictions, after mature deliberation, feel themselves unable to accept his Imperial Majesty's invitation." The reply also contained the significant intimation that "Her Majesty's Government have good grounds to believe that no Austrian representative would attend a congress where any proposition for the surrender of Venetia by Austria was to be discussed."



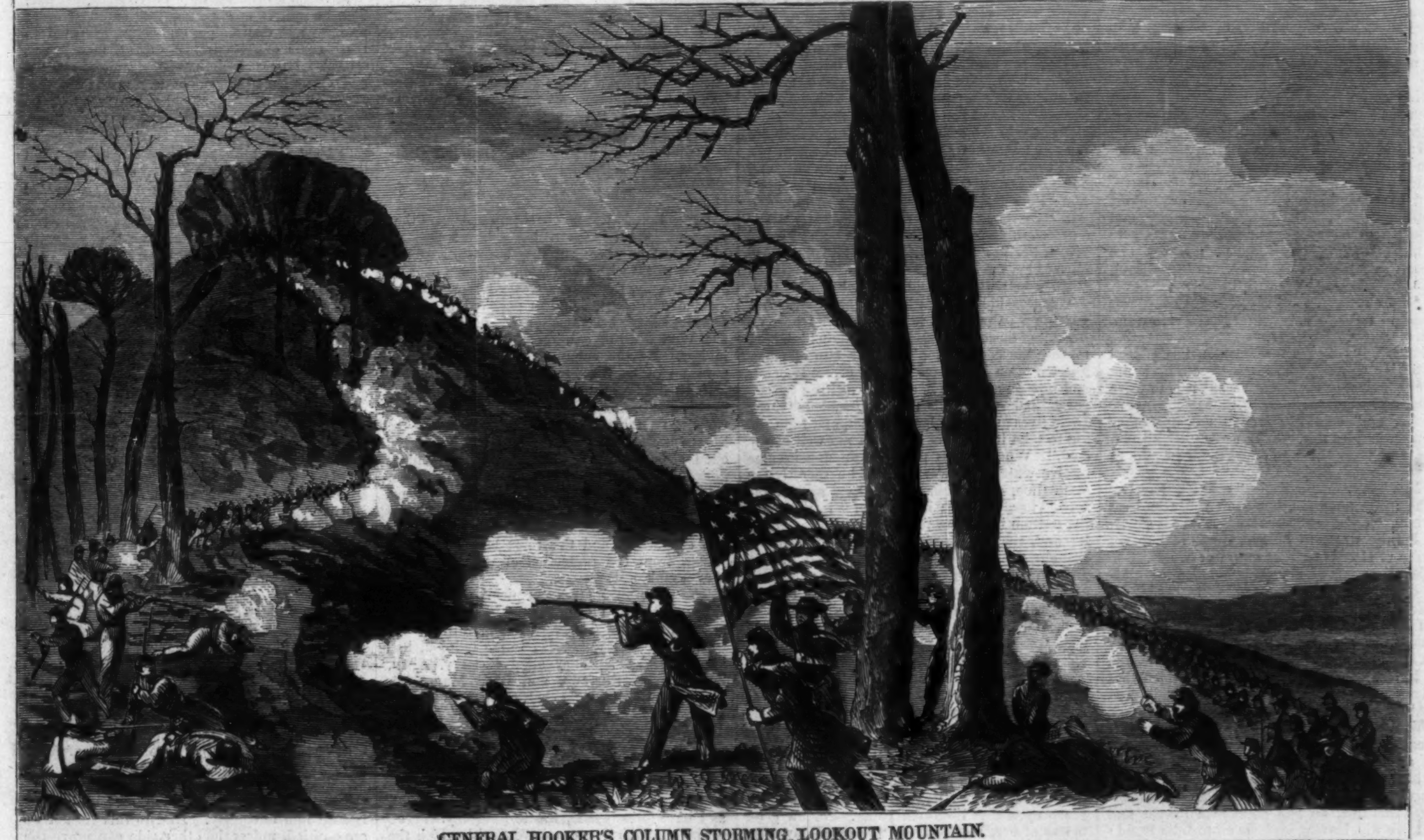
THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—CAPTURE OF REBEL WORKS AT THE WHITE HOUSE, ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, NOVEMBER 24, 1863.—[SEE PAGE 828.]



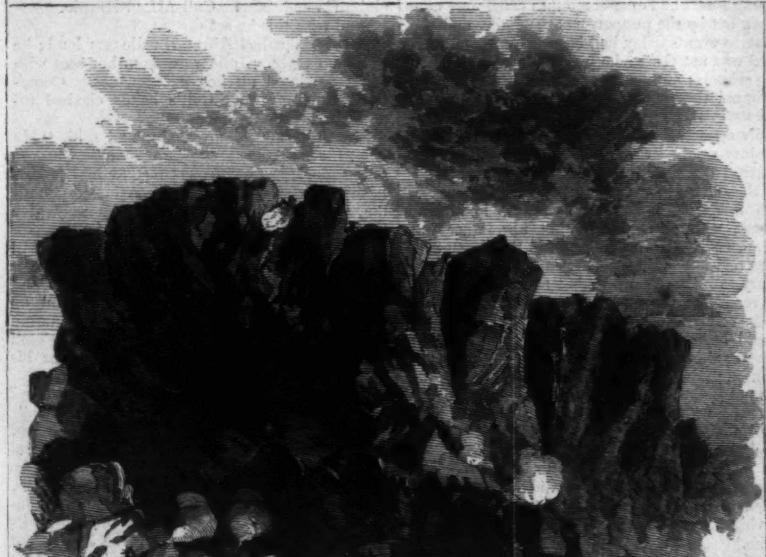
TOP OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, SUNRISE, NOVEMBER 25 1863



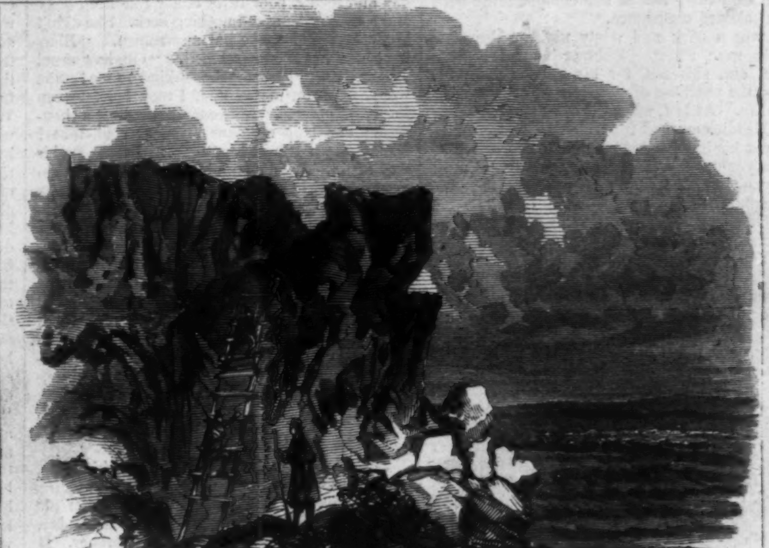
REBEL BATTERY ON THE TOP OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.



GENERAL HOOKER'S COLUMN STORMING LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.



THE CREST OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN



TO THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—CAPTURE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 828.]

VERY HARD CASH.

BY CHARLES READE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER LIV.

MR. HARDIE collapsed as if he had been a man inflated, and that truth had punctured him. "Ah!" said he. "Ah!" said Skinner, in a mighty different tone: insolent triumph to wit.

After a pause, Mr. Hardie made an effort and said, contemptuously; "The receipt (if any) was flung into the dust-hole and carried away. Do you think I've forgotten that?"

"Don't you believe it, Sir," was the reply. "While you turned your back and sacked the money, I said to myself, 'Oho, is that the game?' and nailed the receipt. What a couple of scoundrels we were! I wouldn't have *her* know it for all your money. Come, Sir, I see it's all right; you will shell out sooner than be posted."

Here Peggy interposed; "Mr. Skinner be more considerate; my master is really poor just now."

"That is no reason why I should be insulted and indicted and trampled under foot," snarled Skinner, all in one breath.

"Show me the receipt and take my last shilling, you ungrateful, vindictive viper," groaned Mr. Hardie.

"Stuff and nonsense," said Skinner. "I'm not a viper; I'm a man of business. Find me five hundred pounds, and I'll show you the receipt and keep dark. But I can't afford to *give* it you for that, of course."

Skinner triumphed, and made the great man apologize, writhing all the time, and wishing he was a day-laborer with Peggy to wife, and fourteen honest shillings a week for his income. Having eaten humble pie, he agreed to meet Skinner next Wednesday at midnight, alone, under a certain lamp on the North Kensington road: the interval (four days) he required to raise money upon his scrip. Skinner bowed himself out, fawning triumphantly. Mr. Hardie stood in the middle of the room motionless, scowling darkly. Peggy looked at him, and saw some dark and sinister resolve forming in his mind: she divined it, as such women can divine. She laid her hand on his arm, and said, softly, "Richard, it's not worth *that*." He started to find his soul read through his body, like a placard through a pane of glass. He trembled.

But it was only for a moment. "His blood be on his own head," he snarled. "This is not my seeking. He shall learn what it is to drive Richard Hardie to despair."

"No, no," said Peggy; "there are other countries besides this. Why not gather all you have, and cross the water? I'll follow you to the world's end, Richard."

"Mind your own business," said he, fiercely.

She made no reply, but went softly and sat down again, and sewed the buttons on his shirts. Mr. Hardie wrote to Messrs. Heathfield to get Hardie v. Hardie tried as soon as possible.

Meantime came a mental phenomenon: gliding down Sackville Street, victorious, Skinner suddenly stopped, and clenched his hands; and his face writhed as if he had received a death-wound. In that instant Remorse had struck him like lightning; and, perhaps, whence comes the lightning. The sweet face and voice that had smiled on him, and cared for his body, and cared for his soul, came to his mind and knocked at his heart and conscience. He went home miserable with an inward conflict; and it lasted him all the four days: sometimes Remorse got the better, sometimes Avarice. He came to the interview still undecided what he should do. But, meantime, he had gone to a lawyer and made his will, leaving his little all to Julia Dodd: a bad sign this; looked like compounding with his awakened conscience.

It was a dark and gusty night. Very few people were about. Skinner waited a little while, and shivered, for his avarice had postponed the purchase of a great-coat until Christmas-day. At last, when the coast seemed clear, Mr. Hardie emerged from a side street. Skinner put his hand to his bosom.

They met. Mr. Hardie said, quietly, "I must ask you, just for form, to show me you have the Receipt."

"Of course, Sir; but not so near please: no snatching, if I know it."

"You are wonderfully suspicious," said Mr. Hardie, trying to smile.

Skinner looked, and saw by the lamplight he was deadly pale. "Keep your distance a moment, Sir," said he, and on Mr. Hardie's complying, took the Receipt out, and held it up under the lamp.

Instantly Mr. Hardie drew a life-preserver, and sprang on with a savage curse. And uttered a shriek of dismay; for he was met by the long shiny barrel of a horse-pistol, that Skinner drew from his bosom, and leveled full in the haggard face that came at him. Mr. Hardie recoiled, crying, "No! no! for Heaven's sake!"

"What!" cried Skinner, stepping forward and hissing, "do you think I'm such a fool as to meet a thief unarmed? Come, cash up, or I'll blow you to atoms."

"No, no, no!" said Mr. Hardie, piteously, retreating as Skinner marched on him with long extended pistol. "Skinner," he stammered, "th-this is n-not b-b-business."

"Cash up, then; that's business. Fling the five hundred pounds down, and walk away. And it is loaded with two bullets; I'll make a double entry on your great treacherous carcass."

"It's no use trying to deceive such a man as you," said Mr. Hardie, playing on his vanity. "I could not get the money before Saturday, and so I listened to the dictates of despair. Forgive me."

"Then come again Saturday night. Come alone, and I shall bring a man to see I'm not murdered. And look here, Sir, if you don't come to the hour and do the right thing without any more of these unbusiness-like tricks, by Heaven I'll smash you before noon on Monday."

"I'll come."

"I'll blow you to Mr. Alfred and Miss Dodd."

"I'll come, I tell you."

"I'll post you for a thief on every brick in the Exchange."

"Have mercy, Skinner. Have pity on the wretched man whose bread you have eaten. I tell you I'll come."

"Well mind you do, then, cash and all," said Skinner, sulkily, but not quite proof against the reminiscences those humble words awakened.

Each walked backward a good dozen steps, and then they took different roads, Skinner taking good care not to be tracked home. He went up the high stairs to the hole in the roof he occupied, and lighted a rush-light. He had half a mind to kindle a fire, he felt so chilly; but he had stopped up the vent, partly to keep out the cold, partly to shun the temptation of burning fuel. However, he stopped the key-hole with paper, and also the sides of the window, till he had shut the wintry air all out. Still then, what with the cold and what with the reaction after so great an excitement, his feeble body began to shiver desperately. He thought at last he would light a foot-warmer he had just purchased for old iron at a broker's; *that* would only spend a halfpenny worth of charcoal. No he wouldn't; he would look at his money; that would cheer him. He unripped a certain part of his straw mattress and took out a bag of gold. He spread three hundred sovereigns on the floor and put the candle down among them. They sparkled; they were all new ones, and he rubbed them with an old tooth-brush and whiting every week. "That's better than any fire," he said, "they warm the heart. For one thing they are my own: at all events I did not steal them, nor take them of a thief for a bribe to keep dark and defraud honest folk." Then remorse gripped him: he asked himself what he was going to do. "To rob an angel," was the answer. "The fourteen thousand pounds is all hers, and I could give it her in a moment. Curse him, he would have killed me for it."

Then he pottered about and took out his will. "Ah," said he, "that is all right, so far. But what is a paltry three hundred when I help do her out of fourteen thousand? Villain!" Then, to ease his conscience, he took a slip of paper and wrote on it a short account of the Receipt, and how he came by it, and lo! as if an unseen power had guided his hand, he added, "Miss Dodd lives at 66 Pembroke Street, and I am going to take it to her as soon as I am well of my cold." Whether this preceded an unconscious resolve which had worked on him secretly for some time, or whether it awakened such a resolve, I hardly know: but certain it is, that having written it, he now thought seriously of doing it; and, the more seriously he entertained the thought, the more good it seemed to do him. He got "The Sinner's Friend" and another good book she had lent him, and read a bit: then finding his feet frozen he lighted his chafer and blew it well, and put it under his feet and read. The good words began to reach his heart more and more: so did the thought of Julia's goodness. The chafer warmed his feet and legs. "Ay," said he, "men don't want fires; warm the feet and the body warms itself." He took out "The Receipt" and held it in his hand, and eyed it greedily, and asked himself could he really part with it. He thought he could—to Julia. Still holding it tight in his left hand, he read on the good but solemn words that seemed to loosen his grasp upon that ill-gotten paper. "How good it was of her," he thought, "to come day after day and feed a poor little fellow like him, body and soul!" She asked nothing back. She didn't know he could make her any return. "Bless her! bless her!" he screamed. "Oh, how cruel I have been to her, and she so kind to me! She would never let me want, if I took her fourteen thousand pounds. Like enough give me a thousand; and help me save my poor soul, that I shall damn if I meet him again. I won't go his way again. Lead us not into temptation. I repent. Lord have mercy on me a miserable sinner!" And tears bedewed those wizened cheeks, tears of penitence, sincere, at least for the time.

A sleepy languor now came over him, and the good book fell from his hand: but his resolution remained unshaken; by-and-by waking up from a sort of heavy doze he took, as it were, a last look at the receipt, and murmured, "My head, how heavy it feels!" But presently he roused himself, full of his penitent resolution, and murmured again, brokenly, "I'll—take it to—Pembroke Street to—morrow: to—mor—row."

CHAPTER LV.

MR. HARDIE raised the money on his scrip, and at great inconvenience; for he was holding on five hundred thousand pounds' worth of old Turkish Bonds over an unfavorable settling day, and wanted every shilling to pay his broker. If they did not rise by next settling day he was a beggar. However, being now a desperate gamester, and throwing for his last stake, he borrowed this sum, and took it with a heavy heart to his appointment with Skinner. Skinner never came. Mr. Hardie waited till one o'clock. Two o'clock. No Skinner. Mr. Hardie went home hugging his five hundred pounds, but very uneasy. Next day he consulted Peggy. She shook her head, and said it looked very ugly. Skinner had, most likely, got angrier and angrier with thinking on the assault. "You will never see him again till the day of the trial: and then he will go down and bear false witness against you. Why not leave the country?"

"How can I, simpleton? My money is all locked up in time-bargains. No, I'm tied to the stake; I'll fight to the last: and, if I'm defeated and disgraced, I'll die, and end it."

Peggy implored him not to talk so. "I've been down to the court," said she, softly, "to see what it is like. There's a great hall; and he must pass through that to get into the little places where they try 'em. Let me be in that hall with the five hundred pounds, and I promise you he shall never appear against you. We will both go; you with the money, I with my woman's tongue."

He gave her his hand like a shaky monarch, and said she had more wit than he had.

Mr. Heathfield, who had contrived to postpone Hardie v. Hardie six times in spite of Compton, could not hurry it on now with his co-operation. It hung fire from some cause or another a good fortnight; and in this fortnight Hardie senior endured the tortures of suspense. Skinner made no sign. At last, there stood upon the paper, for next day, a short case of disputed contract, and Hardie v. Hardie.

The witnesses subpœnaed on either side in Hardie v. Hardie began to arrive at ten o'clock, and a tall, stately man paraded Westminster Hall, to see if Skinner came with them; all other anxieties had merged in this: for the counsel had assured him if nothing unexpected turned up, Thomas Hardie would have a verdict, or if not, the damages would be nominal.

Now, this day, I must premise, was to settle the whole lawsuit; for, while trial of the issue was being postponed and postponed, the legal question had been argued and disposed of. The very Queen's counsel, unfavorable to the suit, was briefed with Garrow's views, and delivered them in court with more skill, clearness, and effect than Garrow ever could; then sat down, and whispered over rather contemptuously to Mr. Compton, "That is your argument, I think."

"And admirably put," whispered the attorney, in reply.

"Well; now hear Saunders knock it to pieces."

Instead of that, it was Sergeant Saunders that got maltreated: first one judge had a peck at him: then another: till they left him scarce a feather to fly with; and when Alfred's counsel rose to reply, the judges stopped him, and the chief of the court, Alfred's postponing enemy, delivered his judgment after this fashion:

"We are all of opinion that this plea is bad in law. By the common law of England no person can be imprisoned as a lunatic unless actually insane at the time. It has been held so for centuries, and down to the last case. And wisely: for it would be most dangerous to the liberty of the subject, if a man could be imprisoned without remedy unless he could prove mala fides in the breast of the party incarcerating him. As for the statute, it does not mend the matter, but rather the reverse; for it expressly protects duly authorized persons acting under the order and certificates, and this must be construed to except from the protection of the statute the person making the order.

The three puisné judges concurred, and gave similar reasons. One of them said that if A. imprisoned B. for a *felon*, and B. sued him, it was no defense to say that B., in his opinion, had imitated felony. They cited Elliot v. Allen, Anderdon v. Burrows, and Lord Mansfield's judgment in a very old case, the name of which I have unfortunately forgotten.

Judgment was entered for the plaintiff; and the defendant's ingenious plea struck off the record; and Hardie v. Hardie became the leading case. But in law one party often wins the skirmish and the other the battle. The grand fight, as I have already said, was to be to-day.

But the high hopes and ardor with which the young lovers had once come into court were now worn out by the postponement swindle, and the adverse events delay had brought on them. Alfred was not there: he was being examined in the schools; and had plumply refused to leave a tribunal that named its day and kept it—for Westminster, until his counsel should have actually opened the case. He did not believe trial by jury would ever be allowed him. Julia was there, but sad and comparatively listless. One of those strange vague reports, which often herald more circumstantial accounts, had come home, whispering darkly that her father was dead, and buried on an island in the South Sea. She had kept this report from her mother, contrary to Edward's wish: but she implored him to restrain his fatal openness. In one thing both these sorely tried young people agreed, that there could be no marriage with Alfred now. But here again Julia entreated her brother not to be candid; not to tell Alfred this at present. "Oh, do not go and dispirit him just now," she said, "or he will do something rash. No, he must and shall get his first class, and win his trial; and then you know any lady will be too proud to marry him; and, when he is married and happy, you can tell him I did all I could for him, and hunted up the witnesses, and was his loving friend, though I could not—be—his—wife."

She could not say this without crying; but she said it for all that, and meant it too.

Besides helping Mr. Compton to get up the evidence, this true and earnest friend and lover had attended the court day after day, to watch how things were done, and, woman-like, to see what *pleased* and what *displeased* the court. And so at last the court crier cried, with a loud voice, "Hardie v. Hardie!" Julia's eyes roved very anxiously for Alfred, and up rose Mr. Garrow, and stated to the court the substance of the declaration; "to this," he said, "three pleas have been pleaded: first, the plea of not guilty, which is a formal plea; also another plea, which has been demurred to, and struck off the record; and, lastly, that at the time of the alleged imprisonment the plaintiff was of unsound mind, and a fit person to be confined; which is the issue now to be tried."

Mr. Garrow then sat down, very tired of this preliminary work, and wondering when he should have the luck to conduct such a case as Hardie v. Hardie; and leaned forward to be ready to prompt his senior, a portly counsel, whom Mr. Compton had retained because he was great at addressing juries, and no point of law could now arise in the case.

Colt, Q.C., rose like a tower, knowing very little of the facts, and seeming to know every thing. He had a prodigious business, and was rather indolent, and often skimmed his brief at home, and then mastered it in court—if he got time. Now, it is a good general's policy to open a plaintiff's case warily, and reserve your rhetoric for the reply; and Mr. Colt always took this line when his manifold engagements compelled him, as in Hardie v. Hardie, to teach his case first and learn it afterward. I will only add, that in the course of his opening he was on the edge of seven distinct blunders; but Garrow watched him and always shot a whisper like a bullet just in time. Colt took it, and glided away from incipient error imperceptibly, and with a tact you can have no conception of. The jury did not detect the creaking of this machinery; Sergeant Saunders did, and grinned satirically; so did poor Julia, and her cheeks burned and her eyes flashed indignant fire. And, horror of horrors! Alfred did not appear.

Mr. Colt's opening may be thus condensed: The plaintiff was a young gentleman of great promise and distinction, on whom, as usual in these cases of false imprisonment, money was settled. He was a distinguished student at Eton and Oxford, and no doubt was ever expressed of his sanity till he proposed to marry, and take his money out of his trustees' hands by a marriage settlement. On this his father, who up to that time had managed his funds as principal trustee, showed him great personal hostility for some time, and looked out for a tool: that tool was soon found in his brother, the defendant, a person who, it would be proved, had actually not seen the plaintiff for a year and a half, yet, with great recklessness and inhumanity, had signed away his liberty and his happiness behind his back. Then tools of another kind—the kind that any body can buy, a couple of doctors—were, as usual, easily found to sign the certificates. One of these doctors had never seen him but for five minutes, and signed in manifest collusion with the other. They decoyed this poor young gentleman away on his wedding morning—on his wedding morning, gentlemen, mark that—and consigned him to the worst of all dungeons. What he suffered there he must himself relate to you: for we, who have the happiness to walk abroad in the air of reason and liberty, are little able to realize the agony of mind endured by a sane man confined among the insane. What we undertake is to prove his sanity up to the very hour of his incarceration; and also that he was quite sane at the time when a brutal attempt to recapture him by violence was made under the defendant's order, and defeated by his own remarkable intelligence and courage. Along with the facts the true reason why he was imprisoned will probably come out. But I am not bound to prove sinister motives. It is for the defendant to prove, if he can, that he had lawful motives for a lawless act; and that he exercised due precaution, and did not lend himself recklessly to the dark designs of others. If he succeed in this, that may go in mitigation of damages though it can not affect the verdict. *Our* principal object is the verdict, which will remove the foul aspersion cast on my injured client, and restore him to society. And to this verdict we are entitled, unless the other side can prove the plaintiff was insane. Call Alfred Hardie.

And with this he sat down.

An official called Alfred Hardie very loud; he made no reply. Julia rose from her seat with dismay painted on her countenance. Compton's, Garrow's, and Colt's heads clashed together.

Mr. Colt jumped up again, and said, "My Lud, I was not aware the gentleman they accuse of insanity is just being examined for high honors in the University of Oxford." Aside to Compton, "And if he doesn't come, you may give them the verdict."

"Well," said the judge, "I suppose he will be here before you close your case."

On this the three heads clashed again, and Saunders, Q.C., for the defendant, popped up and said with great politeness, and affectation of sympathy, "My Lud I can quite understand my learned friend's hesitation to produce his principal witness."

"You understand nothing about the matter," said Colt, cavalierly. "Call Mr. Harrington."

Mr. Harrington was Alfred's tutor at Eton, and deposed to his sanity there: he was not cross-examined. After him they went on step by step with a fresh witness for every six months, till they brought him close to the date of his incarceration: then they put in one of Julia's witnesses, Peterson, who swore Alfred had talked to him like a sane person that very morning; and repeated what had passed. Cross-examination only elicited that he and Alfred were no longer good friends, which rather strengthened the evidence. Then Giles and Hannah, now man and wife, were called, and swore he was sane all the time he was at Silverton House. Mr. Saunders diminished the effect by eliciting that they had left on bad terms with Mr. Baker, and that Alfred had given them money since.

But this was half-cured on re-examination, by being set down to gratitude on Alfred's part. And now the judge went to luncheon: and in came a telegraphic message to say Alfred was in the fast train coming up. This was good news, and bad. They had hoped he would drop in before. They were approaching that period of the case, when not to call the plaintiff must produce a vile impression. The judge, out of good-nature I suspect, was longer at luncheon than usual, and every minute was so much gained to Mr. Compton and Julia, who were in a miserable state of anxiety. Yet it was equaled by Richard Hardie's, who never entered the court, but paced the hall the livelong day to intercept Noah Skinner. And, when I tell you that Julia had consulted Mr. Green, and that he had instantly pronounced Mr. Barkington to be a man from Barkington who knew the truth about the fourteen thousand pounds, and that the said Green and his myrmidons were hunting Mr. Barkington like beagles, you will see that R. Hardie's was no vain terror. At last the judge returned, and Mr. Colt was obliged to put in his reserves; so called Dr. Sampson. Instantly a very dull trial became an amusing one; the scorn with which he treated the opinion of Dr. Wycherley and Mr. Speers, and medical certificates in general, was so droll coming from a doctor, and so racily expressed, that the court was convulsed. Also in cross-examination by Saunders he sparred away in such gallant style with that accomplished advocate that it was mighty refreshing. The judge put in a few intelligent questions after counsel had done, and surprised all the doctors in court with these words: "I am aware, Sir, that you were the main instrument in putting down bloodletting in this country."

What made Sampson's evidence particularly strong was that he had seen the plaintiff the evening before his imprisonment.

At this moment three men, all of them known to the reader, entered the court; one was our old acquaintance Fullalove, another was of course Vespasian: and the third was the missing plaintiff.

A buzz announced his arrival; and expectation rose high. Mr. Colt called him with admirably-feigned nonchalance: he stepped into the box, and there was a murmur of surprise and admiration at his bright countenance and manly bearing.

Of course to give his evidence would be to write "Hard Cash" over again. It is enough to say that his examination in chief lasted all that day, and an hour of the next.

Colt took him into the asylum, and bade him say what he had suffered there to swell the damages. The main points his examination in chief established were his sanity during his whole life, the money settled on him, the means the doctors took to irritate him, and then sign him excited, the subserviency of his uncle to his father, the double motive his father had in getting him imprisoned; the business of the £14,000.

When Colt sat down at eleven o'clock on the second day, the jury looked indignant, and the judge looked very grave, and the case very black.

Mr. Saunders electrified his attorney by saying, "My advice is, don't cross-examine him."

Heathfield implored him not to take so strange a course.

On this Saunders shrugged his shoulders, rose, and cross-examined Alfred about the vision of one Captain Dodd he had seen, and about his suspicions of his father. "Had not Richard Hardie always been a kind and liberal father?" To this he assented. "Had he not sacrificed a large fortune to his creditors?" Plaintiff believed so. "On reflection, then, did not plaintiff think he must have been under an illusion?" No; he had gone by direct evidence.

Confining himself sagaciously to this one question, and exerting all his skill and pertinacity, Saunders succeeded in convincing the court that the Hard Cash was a myth: a pure chimera. The defendant's case looked up; for there are many intelligent madmen with a single illusion.

The re-examination was of course very short, but telling; for Alfred swore that Miss Julia Dodd had helped him to carry home the phantom of her father, and that Miss Dodd had a letter from her father to say that he was about to sail with the other phantom, the £14,000.

Here Mr. Saunders interposed, and said that evidence was inadmissible. Let him call Miss Dodd.

Colt.—How do you know I'm not going to call her?

The Judge.—If you are, it is superfluous; if not, it is inadmissible.

Mr. Compton cast an inquiring glance up at a certain gallery. A beautiful girl bowed her head in reply, with a warm blush and such a flash of her eye, and Mr. Colt said, "As my learned friend is afraid to cross-examine the plaintiff on any point but this, and as I mean to respond to his challenge, and call Miss Dodd, I will not trouble the plaintiff any further.

Through the whole ordeal Alfred showed a certain flavor of Eton and Oxford that won all hearts. His replies were frank and honest, and under cross-examination he was no more to be irritated than if Saunders had been Harrow bowling at him, or the Robin sparring with him. The sergeant, who was a gentleman, indicated some little regret at the possible annoyance he was causing him. Alfred replied, with a grand air of good fellowship, "Do not think so poorly of me as to suppose I feel aggrieved because you are an able advocate and do your duty to your client, Sir."

The Judge.—That is very handsomely said. I am afraid you have got an awkward customer, in a case of this kind, brother Saunders.

Sergt. S.—It is not for want of brains he is mad, my lord.

Alfred.—That is a comfort, any way. (Laughter.)

When counsel had done with him, the judge used his right, and put several shrewd and unusual questions to him: asked him to define insanity: he said he could only do it by examples: and he abridged several intelligent madmen, their words and ways; and contrasted them with the five or six sane people he had fallen in with in asylums; showing his lordship plainly that *he* could tell any insane person whatever from a sane one, and vice versa. This was the most remarkable part of the trial, to see this shrewd old judge extracting from a real observer and logical thinker those positive indicia of sanity and insanity, which exist, but which no lawyer has ever yet been able to extract from any psychological physician in the witness-box. At last, he was relieved, and sat sucking an orange among the spectators; for they had parched his throat among them, I promise you.

Julia Dodd entered the box, and a sunbeam seemed to fill the court. She knew what to do: her left hand was gloved, but her white right hand bare. She kissed the book, and gave her evidence in her clear, mellow, melting voice; gave it reverently and modestly, for to her the court was a church. She said how long she had been acquainted with Alfred, and how his father was adverse, and her mother had thought it was because they did not pass for rich, and had told her they *were* rich, and with this she produced David's letter, and she also swore to having met Alfred and others carrying her father in a swoon from his father's very door. She deposed to Alfred's sanity on her wedding eve, and on the day his recapture was attempted.

Saunders, against his own judgment, was instructed to cross-examine her; and, without meaning it, he put a question which gave her deep distress. "Are you now engaged to the plaintiff?" She looked timidly round, and saw Alfred, and hesitated. The sergeant pressed her politely, but firmly.

"Must I reply to that?" she said, piteously.

"If you please."

"Then, no. Another misfortune has now separated him and me forever."

"What is that, pray?"

"My father is said to have died at sea: and my mother thinks *he* is to blame."

The Judge, to Saunders.—What on earth has this to do with Hardie against Hardie?

Saunders.—You are warmly interested in the plaintiff's success?

Julia.—Oh yes, Sir.

Colt (aside to Garrow.—The fool is putting his foot into it: there's not a jury in England that would give a verdict to part two interesting young lovers.)

Saunders.—You are attached to him?

Julia.—Ah, that I do.

This burst, intended for poor Alfred, not the court, baffled cross-examination and grammar and every thing else. Saunders was kind and generous, and said no more.

Colt cast a glance of triumph, and declined to re-examine. He always let well alone. The judge, however, evinced a desire to trace the fourteen thousand pounds from Calcutta; but Julia could not help him: that mysterious sum had been announced by letter as about to sail, and then no more was heard about it till Alfred accused his father of having it. All endeavors to fill this hiatus failed. However, Julia, observing that in courts material objects affect the mind most, had provided herself with all the pièces de conviction she could find, and she produced her father's empty pocket-book, and said, when he was brought home senseless, this was in his breast-pocket.

"Hand it up to me," said the judge. He examined it, and said it had been in the water.

"Captain Dodd was wrecked off the French coast," suggested Mr. Saunders.

"My learned friend had better go into the witness-box, if he means to give evidence," said Mr. Colt.

"You are very much afraid of a very little truth," retorted Saunders.

The judge stopped this sham rencontre, by asking the witness whether her father had been wrecked. She said "Yes."

"And that is how the money was lost," persisted Saunders.

"Possibly," said the judge.

"I'm darned if it was," said Joshua Fullalove, composedly.

Instantly, all heads were turned in amazement at this audacious interruption to the soporific decorum of an English court. The transatlantic citizen received this battery of eyes with complete imperturbability.

"Si-lence!" roared the crier, awaking from a nap, with an instinct that something unusual had happened. But the shrewd old judge had caught the sincerity with which the words were uttered; and put on his spectacles to examine the speaker.

"Are you for the plaintiff or the defendant?"

"I don't know either of 'em from Adam, my lord. But I know Captain Dodd's pocket-book by the bullet-hole."

"Indeed! You had better call this witness, Mr. Colt."

"Your lordship must excuse me; I am quite content with the evidence."

"Well, then, I shall call him as amicus curiæ; and the defendant's counsel can cross-examine him."

Fullalove went into the box, was sworn, identified the pocket-book, and swore he had seen fourteen thousand pounds in it on two occasions. With very little prompting, he told the sea-fight, and the Indian darkey's attempt to steal the money, and pointed out Vespasian as the rival darkey who had baffled the attempt. Then he told the shipwreck to an audience now breathless—and imagine the astonished interest with which Julia and Edward listened to this stranger telling them the new strange story of their own father!—and lastly, the attempt of the two French wreckers and assassins, and how it had been baffled. And so the mythical cash was tracked to Boulogne.

The judge then put this question, "Did Captain Dodd tell you what he intended to do with it?"

Fullalove (reverently).—I think, my lord, he said he was going to give it to his wife. (Sharply.) Well, what is it, old hoss? What are you making mugs at me for? don't you know it's clean against law to telegraph a citizen in the witness-box?

The Judge.—This won't do; this won't do.

The Crier.—Si-lence in the court!

"Do you hyar now what his lordship says?" said Fullalove, with ready tact. "If you know any thing more, come up hyar and swear it like an enlightened citizen; do you think I'm going to swear for tew." With this Vespasian and Fullalove proceeded to change places amidst roars of laughter at the cool off-hand way this pair arranged forensicalities; but Sergeant Saunders requested Fullalove to stay where he was. "Pray, Sir," said he, slowly, "who retained you for a witness in this cause?"

Fullalove looked puzzled.

"Of course somebody asked you to drop in here so very accidentally: come now, who was it?"

"I'm God Amighty's witness dropped from the clouds, I cal'late."

"Come, Sir, no prevarication. How came you here just at the nick of time?"

"Counselor, when I'm treated polite I'm ile, but rile me and raise my dander I'm thunder stuffed with pison: don't you, and I'll tell you. I have undertaken to educate this yar darkey"—here he stretched out a long arm, and laid his hand on Vespasian's woolly pate—"and I'm bound to raise him to the Eu-ropean model." (Laughter.) "So I said to him, coming over Westminster Bridge, Now there's a store hyar where they sell a very extraordinary Fixin; and it's called Justice: they sell it tarnation dear; *but* prime. So I make tracks for the very court where I got the prime article three years ago, against a varmint that was breaking the seventh and eighth commandments over me, adulterating my patent and then stealing it. Blast him!" (A roar of laughter.) "And coming along I said this old country's got some good pints after all, old hoss. One is, they'll sell you justice dear, *but* prime, in these yar courts, if you were born at Kamschatkee; and the other is, hyar darkeys are free as air, disenthralled by the universal genius of British liberty; and then I pitched Counselor Curran's bunkum into this darkey, and he sucked it in like mother's milk, and in we came on tip-toe, and the first thing we heard was a free-born Briton treated wus than ever a nigger in Old Kentuck, decoyed away from his gal, shoved into a darned mad-house—the darbies clapped on him—"

"We don't want your comments on the case, Sir."

"No, nor any other free and enlightened citizen's, I reckon. Wa'al, Vespasian and me sat like mice in a snow-drift, and hid our feelings out of good manners, being strangers, till his lordship got e-tarnally fixed about the captain's pocket-book. Vesp., says I, this hurts my feelings powerful. Says I, this hyar lord did the right thing about my patent, he summed up just: and now he is in an everlasting fix himself; one good turn deserves another, I'll get him out of this fix, any way." Here the witness was interrupted with a roar of laughter that shook the court. Even the judge leaned back and chuckled, genially, though quietly. And right sorrowful was every Briton there when Saunders closed abruptly the cross-examination of Joshua Fullalove.

His lordship then said he wished to ask Vespasian a question.

Saunders lost patience. "What, another amicus curiæ, my lud! This is unprecedented."

"Excuse my curiosity, Brother Saunders," said the judge, ironically. "I wish to trace this £14,000 as far as possible. Have you any particular objection to the truth on this head of evidence?"

"No, my lud, I never urge objections when I can't enforce them."

"Then you are a wise man. (To Vespasian after he had been sworn.) Pray did Captain Dodd tell you what he intended to do with this money?"

"Is, massa judge, massa captan told dis child he got a branker in some place in de ole cuntry, called Barkinton. And he said dis branker bery good branker, much sartainer not to break dan the brank of England. (A howl.) De captan said he take de money to dis yer branker, and den hab no more trouble with it. Den it off my stomach, de captan say, and dis child heerd him. Yah!"

The plantiff's case being apparently concluded, the judge went to luncheon.

In the buzz that followed, a note was handed to Mr. Compton: "*Skinner!* On a hot scent. Sure to find him to-day.—N.B. He is wanted by another party. There is something curious a foot!"

Compton wrote on a slip, "For Heaven's sake bring him directly. In half an hour it will be too late."

Green hurried out and nearly ran against Mr. Richard Hardie, who was moodily pacing Westminster Hall at the climax of his own anxiety. To him all turned on Skinner. Five minutes passed, ten, fifteen, twenty: all the plantiff's party had their eyes on the door; but Green did not return; and the judge did. Then to gain a few minutes more, Mr. Colt, instructed by Compton, rose and said with great solemnity, "We are about to call our last witness; the living have testified to my client's sanity; and now we shall read you the testimony of the dead."

Saunders.—That I object to, of course.

Colt.—Does my learned friend mean to say he objects at random?

Saunders.—Nothing of the kind. I object on the law of evidence, a matter on which my learned friend seems to be under a hallucination as complete as his clients about that £14,000.

Colt.—There's none ever feared
That the truth should be heard
But they whom the truth would indict.

Saunders.—I've as little respect for old songs in a court of justice as I have for new law.

Colt.—Really my learned friend is the objective case incarnate. (To Compton.—I can't keep this nonsense up forever. Is Skinner come?) He has a Mania for objection, and with your lordship's permission I'll buy a couple of doctors and lock him up in an asylum as he leaves the court this afternoon. (Laughter).

The Judge.—A very good plan: then you'll no longer feel the weight of his abilities. I conclude Mr. Colt you intend to call a witness who will swear to the deceased person's handwriting, and that it was written in the knowledge Death was at hand.

Colt.—Certainly, my lord. I can call Miss Julia Dodd.

Saunders.—That I need not take the trouble of objecting to.

The Judge (with some surprise).—No, Mr. Colt. That will never do. You have examined her, and re-examined her.

I need hardly say Mr. Colt knew very well he could not call Julia Dodd. But he was fighting for seconds now, to get in Skinner. "Call Edward Dodd."

Edward was sworn, and asked if he knew the late Jane Hardie.

"I knew her well," said he.

"Is that her handwriting?"

"It is."

"Where was it written?"

"In my mother's house, at Barkington."

"Under what circumstances?"

"She was dying—of a blow given her by a maniac called Maxley."

"Maxley!" said the judge to counsel. "I remember the Queen v. Maxley. I tried it myself at the assizes: it was for striking a young lady with a bludgeon, of which she died. Maxley was powerfully defended; and it was proved that his wife had died, and he had been driven mad for a time, by her father's bank breaking. The jury *would* bring in a verdict that was no verdict at all; as I took the liberty to tell them at the time. The judges dismissed it, and Maxley was eventually discharged."

Colt.—"No doubt that was the case, my lord." To the witness.—"Did Jane Hardie know she was dying?"

"Oh yes, Sir. She told us all so."

"To whom did she give this letter?"

"To my sister."

"Oh, to your sister? To Miss Julia Dodd?"

"Yes, Sir. But not for herself. It was to give to Alfred Hardie."

"Can you read the letter? it is rather faintly written. It is written in pencil, my lord."

"I *could* read it, Sir; but I hope you will excuse me. She that wrote it was very, very dear to me."

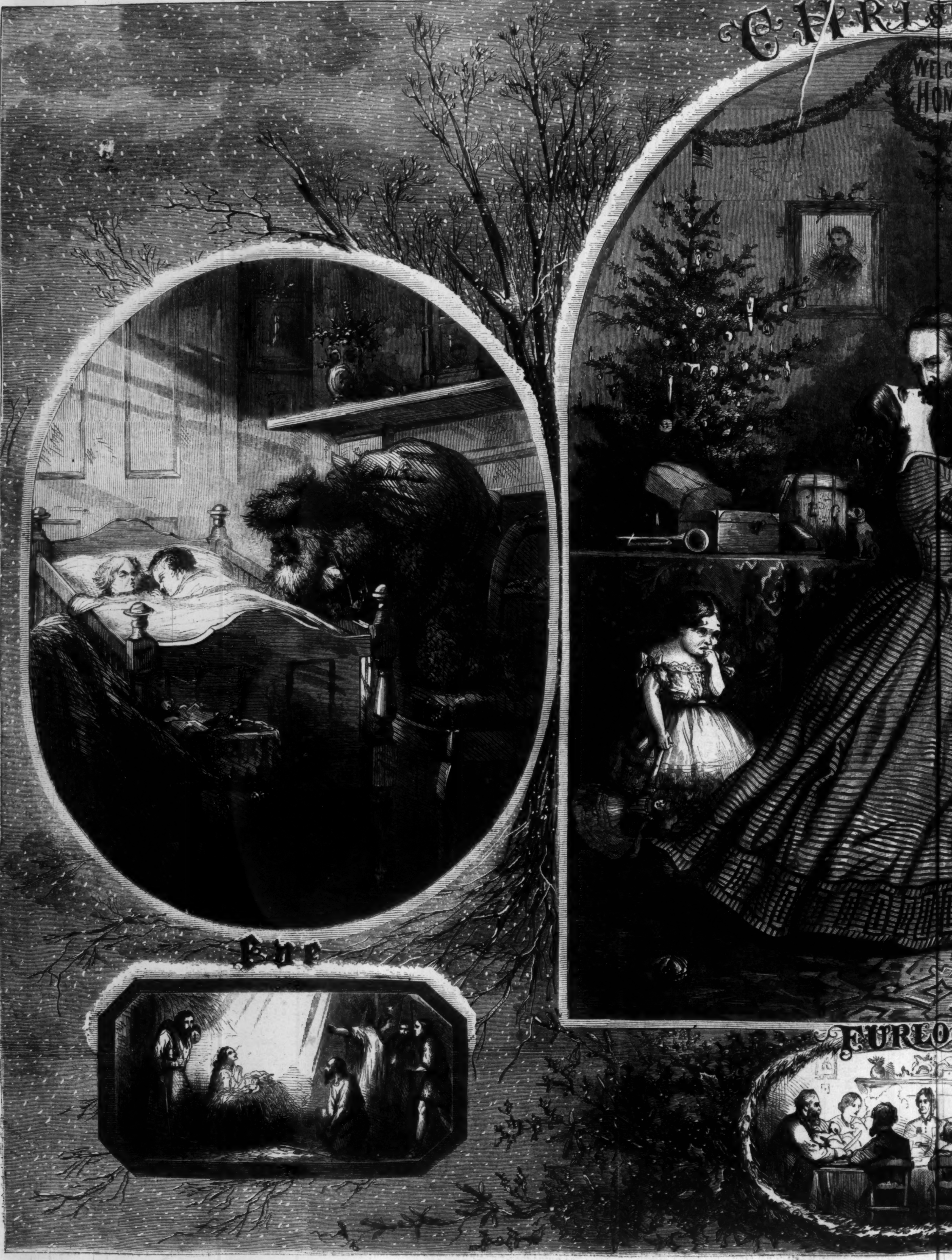
The young man's full voice faltered as he uttered these words, and he turned his lion-like eyes soft and imploring on the judge. That venerable and shrewd old man, learned in human nature as well as in law, comprehended in a moment, and said, kindly, "You misunderstand him. Witnesses do not read letters *out* in court. Let the letter be handed up to me." This was fortunate, for the court cuckoo, who intones most letters, would have read all the sense and pathos out of this with his monotonous sing-song.

The judge read it carefully to himself with his glasses, and told the jury it seemed a genuine document; then the crier cried "Silence in the court!" and his lordship turned toward the jury and read the letter slowly and solemnly:

"Dear, dear Brother,—Your poor little Jane lies dying, suddenly but not painfully, and my last earthly thoughts are for my darling brother. Some wicked person has said you are insane. I deny this with my dying breath and my dying hand. You came to me the night before the wedding that was to be, and talked to me most calmly, rationally, and kindly; so that I could not resist your reasons, and went to your wedding, which, till then, I did not intend. Show these words to your slanderers when I am no more. But oh! Alfred, even this is of little moment compared with the world to come. By all our affection grant me one request. Battered, wounded, dying in my prime, what would be my condition but for the Saviour, whom I have loved, and with whom I hope soon to be. He smooths the bed of death for me, He lights the dark valley; I rejoice to die and be with Him. Oh, turn to Him, dear brother, without one hour's delay, and then how short will be this parting! This is your dying sister's one request, who loves you dearly."

With the exception of Julia's sobs, not a sound was heard as the judge read it. Many eyes were wet: and the judge himself was visibly affected, and pressed his handkerchief a moment to his eyes. "These are the words of a Christian woman, gentlemen," he said: and there was silence. A girl's hand seemed to have risen from the grave to defend her brother and rend the veil from falsehood.

Mr. Colt, out of pure tact, subdued his voice to the key of the sentiment thus awakened, and said, impressively, "Gentlemen of the jury, that is our case;" and so sat down.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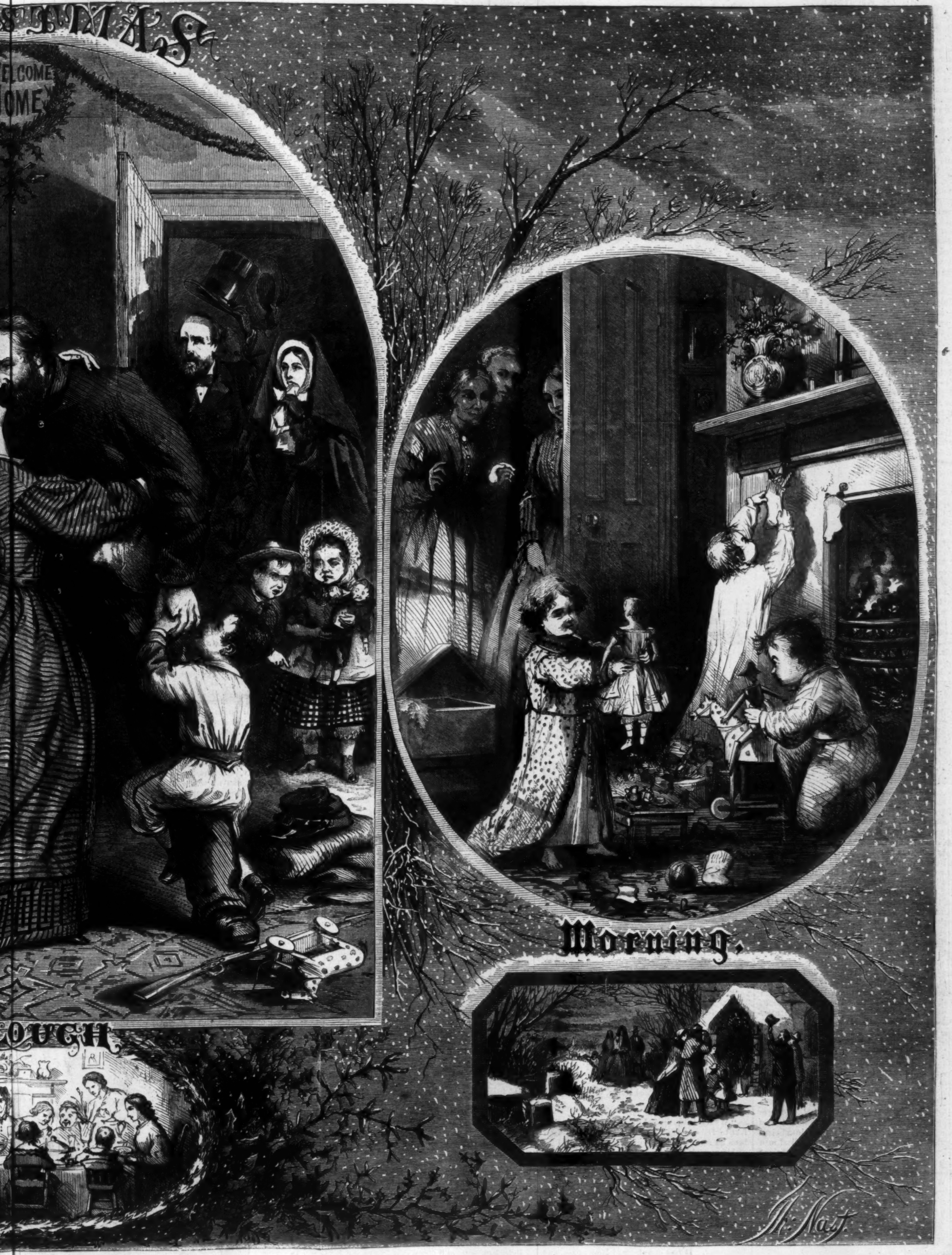
STMAS
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MAS, 1863.

FROM RICHMOND.

AT Manassas, on the Confederate left, stood a little group of houses and a battery of sixteen guns, and twice over our troops possessed themselves of this important point. Working like bees amidst a storm of balls, they constructed a masked battery, and posted there Ricketts and Griffin; and from this plateau our guns thundered at the Confederate columns, fairly riddling them. Nothing human could stand such a scorching *feu d'enfer.* The enemy brought up a battery in all haste, and the first shot hurtling in among them killed the officer in command and four or five of the gunners, and knocked over two of their guns. He formed his battalions, and our batteries broke them, and while this was going on Jackson and Ewell had hurled themselves on our centre, and been thrust back, and come stubbornly again to the charge, but only succeeded in stemming our advance, not turning it; and right on, and up to the blazing muzzles of the guns came Johnston, for the honor of the South, in the very madness of despair, while down with knapsack and cumbrance of all sorts, and headlong to the rescue, rushed Corcoran's men to hold them back at bayonet point.

I write, and you will read, brain and body clogged with no more than the day's usual weariness, and with the thermometer at some comfortable degree; but this was that sultry, panting 21st of July, when the breezeless air seemed to gasp and die under the relentless down-striking heat; and for more than five hours had these men been on the stretch between triumph, and despair, and grief, and hate, and revenge; these were enough, but for more than five hours also had these men strained every muscle to the utmost, and shouted, and struck, and shot, and charged, and stood shoulder to shoulder, with the whole of whatever heart, and fire, and resolve there was found in them. Like rocks they stood—but rocks have not muscles that relax, and limbs of flesh that give, and veins that bleed, and even they crumble away before the pertinacity of the sea; and now against that human wearied wall flung itself another wave, Texans and Louisianians, fresh for combat and closing in hand to hand.

The faithful guns must now be silent lest they strike a friend in the struggling mass, and every where our men fall, give back, retreat—but now the men of Longstreet and Beauregard were mowed down, disordered, thrown into wild panic, driven to the very woods; and Heintzelman and Burnside thundered down on wearied Johnston, and Jackson made his last despairing stand and earned there his soubriquet of "Stonewall," but all in vain, and Longstreet was said to be killed, and as the beaten Confederate masses came staggering back, "Run" was shouted from rank to rank.

At that moment the Southern army *was* routed: then in that last despair was seen the dust and gleam, and heard the steady advancing tramp all day looked and prayed for; and headlong on the exhausted victors fell Kirby Smith and his thirty thousand men, and for us there were no reinforcements. Patterson was dancing about at Martinsburg on the sharp look-out for General Johnston, who had fooled him with an extensive cavalry movement, and then marched quietly off to Manassas: and this was no longer a battle but a massacre.

The Confederates broke ranks in the hot pursuit and came on pell-mell, bowie-knife in hand, stabbing and cutting down on every side. Close on our heels thundered Stuart's Cavalry; fast in among us fell the shots from Kemper's battery. It was as if all hell had broken loose, and at each additional horror the great helpless throng surged, and pushed, and thrust aside, and trampled down, in a fresh paroxysm of panic: a more hopeless, shameful, horrible rout, battle-field never saw! Some regiments stood at bay, Corcoran's for one, and here and there a man, Louis Balfour among the number.

It was like him. In our school frays he never gave in, though the boy who had him down might be pounding his face to a jelly. Now he sternly faced the onward rush till a shot sent him rolling over an embankment, where he lay helpless. What we call accidents are God's tools; some of the meanest of them have led to the discovery of empires, been the turning point of battles, and upset the balance of power. That tumble saved Louis's life—took him first from under the hoofs of Stuart's Cavalry, and in the second place saved him from something worse—the knives of those who were rifling the dead and wounded.

He was lying on a horrible pile of ghastly corpses, wounded men, fragments of guns, and bodies of horses, all heaped pell-mell together. Groans, the shouts of drunken men, and occasional shots filled the air with dismal clamor. The heat was stifling, the pain of his wound was something, the utter hopelessness worst of all. Death played on a dulcimer that night for Louis Balfour, yet he lived.

Little preparation had been made even for the Confederate wounded, and in the frenzy of their exultation few thought of them at all; as for their prisoners, it was getting well on in the next day before care of any sort was bestowed upon them. Then some officers of a larger humanity made of the shot-riddled houses, so fiercely fought for on the Confederate left, a temporary hospital, and here among others they brought Captain Balfour. The Confederate staff of surgeons was so insufficient that they had asked the help of the medical men among their prisoners. One of these stopped short where Louis lay, pale, mute, covered with stains of blood and earth, and the grime of powder.

"Why, Balfour! you here? I thought you safely off."

At that name a Confederate surgeon turned sharp about.

"Balfour! what Balfour? Louis, is it possible? Dear old fellow, don't you know me?"

The speaker was John Balfour, own cousin to Louis.

"I claim this prisoner," he said at once. "The Government has already too many on its hands, and he is as safe with me as in the hospital wards."

"Stop," protested Louis feebly from the stretcher, "I won't do it!"

"Won't do what?"

"Give my parole. If I go with you I shall be on honor not to run away. Now, if I get well, I mean to run the first chance I get."

"Good!" cried Daisy Balfour, John's sister, when she heard it. "He is a true Balfour."

"Oh, perhaps he has the Northern proclivity for running," put in Lieutenant Gillespie, smoothly.

Daisy flushed. John gave his broad shoulders a shake.

"My dear Gillespie, the Federals fought as well as we. If Patterson had come down on you when Jackson made that last rally, as Kirby did on them, you would have run too."

"Never! *Le garde meurt, mais ne se rende pas.*"

John's eyes twinkled roguishly.

"Facts are stubborn things. We *did* run, and if our reinforcements had been half an hour later we should have had the rout instead of them."

"Hush!" said Daisy, fearfully. "Remember the secret police."

"What of them?"

"You can never know where they are, or how soon your words will reach them."

"Secret police be—"

Daisy's hand was over his mouth in an instant.

"There is no need of dispute," said the Lieutenant, loftily. "In thirty days we shall be in Washington. In six months there won't be a trace of what they call their Union, unless it is huddled in the New England States, because Southerners won't condescend to govern any thing so vile. It is fairly proved they can't stand in the field before us. Not a man of them that won't run at the first sight of our bowie-knives. We'll give the law to the North in a month from now."

"If Scott don't first find out that we are a mob instead of an army," persisted the inflexible John. "Why, there are hundreds of our fellows who have gone off now, quite satisfied with what they have done. There isn't a regiment in the army that can show any thing like discipline. The officers are as bad as the men, all talking of what they can do and doing nothing. If the enemy should fall on us now they could mow us down like standing corn."

And so on, *ad infinitum,* till that wise little Daisy put an end to the discussion with lights and music, and from that led them back to talk of Louis; for, truth to tell, this hero was constantly in her thoughts. He was better of his wound, and they had brought him to Richmond, and she had seen him there a prisoner. First she pitied, and then she admired, and she demonstrated these facts *à la Soyer;* carrying him cakes, and bread, and dainty little messes of her own cooking. She gave John also a quiet hint about a suit of his clothes. "Louis's uniform was so soiled and stiffened with blood, poor fellow!" She carried him flowers, in fact almost every day she found some gracious pretext for smiling in upon him.

People grumbled about so much sympathy wasted Yankeeward, but Daisy only tossed her head.

"I don't think it *is* patriotism to be made of adamant," said that little lady. "Blood is thicker than water, and Louis and I grew up together, and he always took my part, and fought my battles when I was an ugly, stupid child for whom nobody cared. The Government needn't distress itself about the contents of my basket. The treason of which they talk won't be found in my loaf-cake. I am sure I have ruined my fingers sewing on those horrid Hospital things, and no one can say that John hasn't devoted himself; but if the secret police, now that they have John Minor Botts in prison, are really in want of a victim, they are quite welcome to take me. I may do my country service by distracting their attention from some one more useful and of more importance."

So then it could never have been through instrumentality of Daisy's that Louis at last made of his purpose *un fait accompli,* and escaped. There was treachery somewhere, wrath every where. John came home looking grave.

"Daisy, did Louis bid you good-by?"

"He has escaped then?"

"This afternoon."

"I was sure that he would succeed. When a Balfour makes up his mind he generally carries the point."

"Louis passed the guards in broad daylight, at least it was not quite dark," pursued John. "He was so cool about it that they never once suspected him, and somewhere he had obtained a surgeon's badge."

"Where could he have gotten that?"

"Daisy," asked John, significantly, "[illegible] is the badge that I left in your keeping?"

The girl raised her innocent eyes to those of her brother's and met his look full and steadily.

"I think—it is lost, John."

He smiled grimly.

"I guessed as much. Well since he is fairly off I am not altogether in despair about it, though I have small faith in his reaching the Federal lines."

"I have, then," returned Daisy, briskly.

"Why, pray?"

"Because—he is a Balfour."

"Whatever the special quality involved in that fact to Daisy's mind it needed in reality to have been an ægis, for John's estimate of the difficulties of his cousin's flight was but too correct. Secret espionage had borne its usual fruit of distrust and insecurity. Southern citizens themselves were no longer safe; for what then could Louis hope? He had passed the guard indeed, and taking a seat in a train about to start was already out of Richmond; but every foot to be traversed was through a hostile country, and if the alarm was not already given, doubtless it soon would be. The best of it was that Louis's spirit was the exact reverse of the barometer. It rose in a storm. He was out, and that was an excellent thing, and he was very clearly conscious of a strong determination to stay out. Thinking how this best might be achieved he sat looking out at the whirling landscape and softly whistling "Dixie."

"Nice tune that, Colonel," said a man near him.

"Yes," returned Louis, coldly. He had heard the man not ten minutes before avow himself a member of the secret police.

"A fine tune," repeated the official, "and sung in fine times too—that is, there will be when we get all the abolitionists weeded out. We are doing the work pretty thoroughly. You see," bringing down his great hand heavily on the arm of the seat, "we are bound to make this thing go, Sir. We put it straight through. Jeff is the right man in the right place, and we mean to keep him there, and if there are any low-lived abolition sneaks that think different, why they had better make tracks, and darn quick at that! for we are after them. I tell you, Sir, there ain't a thing that a lady so much as chirps to a canary-bird in its cage that we don't know; and it's no use to try to put us down, for we ain't to be put down. That old, shambling, dot-and-carry-one State Government tried to meddle with us here a week ago. They pitched into Porter, one of us, about some murder or other. They said he had stabbed this man Lavaway, coming out of the theatre, and like enough he did, for I know there was an old grudge between him and Lavaway; but then murders are to be expected in these unsettled times, and we weren't going to have no government meddling with us. What's the good of being in the Secret Police if you're to be meddled with for every trifle. So we turned out in a body and rescued Porter, and left the court to suck its thumbs if it pleased; and Porter walks the streets of Richmond as bold as brass, and not a soul of them all dare stop him.

"Good thing for Porter!" answered Louis, briefly; for he was beginning to find it hard to conceal his disgust and loathing. His subtle scorn struck through his careless tone. The man knit his bushy brows, and let his small, dull eyes creep carefully and suspiciously over Louis from head to foot.

"A good thing, as you say, Mr.—did you tell me your name? If you did I have forgotten it."

Louis took the scrutiny coolly.

"I did not give you my name. You are welcome to it, however. It is Balfour. I am traveling on a secret mission."

The man's look fell on the green ribbon in his button-hole, and he plainly hesitated. Once more the cruel, hateful eyes were measuring him. Louis's heart fairly stopped, and then thumped heavily, as if it would burst out. A cold moisture stood out all over him; strange, nervous thrills crept through him; chimes rung discordantly in his ears; his sight was dizzied and reeling. The field of Manassas knew no such terrible moment for Louis as that in which his freedom trembled in the balance of that man's decision; and all the while his steady nerves and singular self-control were doing him gallant service as he leaned easily back, stroking his blonde mustache, and glancing away from the wretch near him at the paper in his hand, as though there lay his real interest. The official was staggered by his coolness.

"There is a Balfour of Richmond," he said, with a sort of surly courtesy, "and he's like enough to be on a Government mission; and I've no manner of doubt you are all right, Mr. Balfour, only we have to be careful. These are queer times."

"Which means that he don't think a scene worth his while just now; but if you have any special regard for yourself you had better be off," thought the young Captain, as he quietly conveyed himself out at the next station. There were some half dozen men lounging about the little wooden dépôt, and he hesitated an instant whether to ask of them the road; but then came swift into his thought how this very uncertainty, and the chance for scanning him as they answered might grave his memory deep on theirs, and prove potent agents in his detection.

It takes long to write; but he had reasoned out this little point while passing them, whistling softly to himself, and striking out with entire confidence of air on the hilly road, stretching away into the darkening night and an unknown country. Extremes meet. Had Captain Hayes only been half as desperate he might have lost heart. His horizon being as black as it well could be, he concluded that it was unworthy of a soldier to regard such trifles as a supper, or to spend too much time in selecting the softest stone for a pillow.

"Jacob had such a pillow," quoth he, gayly, "and saw angels."

And slept, never more sweetly, even in those younger, palmy days of rosewood crib and lace curtains—nor more helplessly. But if he saw no angels, doubtless they guarded him; for the cold of the early morning wakened him, not a patrol of cavalry, as might well have happened.

His first thought was sharp and clear of his peril. He heard cock-crowing, the barking of dogs, and far-off shouts, and just over the rise of the hill saw chimneys, and guessed that he was near a farm-house. A few rods from where he lay a little brook crossed the road, running under through a low causeway arched with stone, and winding away into the meadows beyond. Here Louis bathed face and hands, smoothed his tangled curls, retied his neck-ribbon, did what he could toward making a toilet; for it is one of the hardest things in a runaway, be he ever so righteous, he can't look respectable; and come to think of it, there must lurk some subtle essence of decorum and probity in mattresses and shaving-cases; for look what sleek and virtuous sinners our cities turn out every morning, while Abraham himself must have worn a vagabondish air had he slept as Louis did.

Louis knew this, and bewailed his boots, thick-coated with the red mud of the country; and then said a hasty prayer, and looked after his revolver, *à la Cromwell;* and that done, marched boldly to the first house—a farm-house, as he had supposed—and asked for breakfast.

"I am on a Government mission," he said, with a light laugh; "but I fancy that I have lost my road. I have been expecting the last hour to stumble on the enemy's pickets."

"If it is the Feds you mean, they are far enough off," answered the man, who had been regarding him not too genially; "and between us and them is Chauncey's house, where are a lot of our men. You are all right so far. Old woman—I say, old Susan, bring some bread here and a bowl of milk. You see we hain't got much for you, stranger, but it is all this cursed war has left us. It is like the plagues of Egypt. First comes one, and then t'other, and between 'em both nothing is left."

Louis made little answer. He but half liked the looks of his host, while he could find no fault with the warm milk and excellent corn-bread, for he was as ravenous as a wolf. The man watched him silently a moment, and went out, scarcely noticed by Louis, absorbed in thinking. Freedom a few miles off, and only an if between; but that "if" just then was as large as a roc's egg! Meanwhile old Susan bustled about the room, admonishing between times a little woolly-headed imp of ten or thereabout, who alternated between somersaults and hard staring at Louis over his bread and milk.

"Now, Wesley, you quit dat yer; oughter be shamed; ye no count nigga! cuttin up yer shines fore de gemman! Clare to mussy, ef I ever see sech a pester!" winding up with a ringing box on the ear which elicited from him a yell, under cover of which she whispered rapidly,

"Mas'r, sojers comin—in de orchard dis minnit. Take de brook, Mas'r—dey neber tink to look behind. Run, Mas'r, quick, and de good Lor be wid you."

Louis needed no second warning. He was on his feet in an instant and at the door. A little in advance was a piece of woods, but he had not time to gain it before the Philistines would be upon him. He saw them from the window already; a half dozen men or so, keeping in shadow of the out-buildings, and he drew his breath hard, and looked up and down the long, hopeless road. The brook was his only hope, as the old woman had said.

"Run, Mas'r," she urged again; "for de good Lor's sake."

Louis cast another quick backward glance. The men were not in range to see who might be passing on the road; but lest some unlucky glimpse might betray him, he took to the hollow, skirting the stone fence, till he reached the little arch through which the brook came foaming and eddying, but, luckily for him, not overfull. He was hardly well under the arch when his hunters entered the farm-house, and found the game stole away. Out they dashed on the road, open-mouthed, cursing and swearing, running this way and that. One man came straight toward him, but the others called him back.

"You fool! that's the road to Richmond. The Yankee cuss won't take that. He's dodging somewhere yonder."

Louis applauded noiselessly. "Well reasoned, good hound; a second Daniel come to judgment!" while they, all unconscious of his sneering, made off in an opposite direction. But presently it occurred to Captain Balfour what a deuced uncomfortable time the water nymphs and naiads must have had of it, specially if they sat in such a dripping as he was doing, nearly double amidst slime and ooze, feet and legs in a particularly cool stream of water, and unimaginable bugs and reptiles of inquisitive disposition, making short journeys over his head and shoulders, and losing their way into his ears. He held out bravely, however, and when the day was well on in the afternoon had the pleasure of hearing the noisy return of his would-be captors. They had scoured the woods in vain of course, but had posted sentinels, and now were going on the Richmond road, and were good enough to hold a council of war directly over his head.

"The sneakin' varmint may double a while, but he'll find the secesh have a strong grip yet, and no buttered fingers," they concluded.

At that Louis smiled to himself, but groaned the next instant. He was intolerably chilled and cramped, half starved, filled with searching pain, shuddering spite of himself, dizzy with the fearful strain of the last two days on mind and body; but he did not lie down and drown himself in the shallow stream, as more than once he was tempted to do; the slow hours crept on, one by one, and at last came the merciful shadow, and with other hated and hunted things Louis crept out into it, walking almost aimlessly, as people do in dreams, till he reached the woods, and struck into them at a venture; kept on an hour, began to congratulate himself, and—came full on one of the Confederate sentinels.

The man hailed. Louis walked swiftly on without answering. Whizz! came a bullet, and the crashing and crackling behind him told that his enemy was giving chase. Louis was a practiced runner, but his shoes were soaked and heavy as lead, and his cramped muscles and stiffened limbs none the better for the damp night air. Plainly he had no chance at all with his pursuer, who was gaining fearful odds. Seeing that, he ran slowly, arms up, and husbanding his breath. The Confederate was close upon him. Louis turned suddenly and faced him. The soldier, who was at top speed, tried to stop also, failed, and fell. He was on his feet in an instant, but dazed as it were, and while yet with his senses all abroad, Balfour was upon him, gave him a blow that sent him staggering, followed it with another that felled him like an ox, bound him with his own belt, gagged, and left him.

"It is an ill wind that blows no one good." This little adventure was worth his freedom to Louis. It set his half-stagnant blood dancing, revived his chilled hope, and showed him what a half-dead Yankee could do; but now it was a race between him and light. He must quit the main road for fear of another rencontre, and strike into the dense undergrowth, forcing his way among the stubborn saplings, that seemed to have turned Confederate, so stoutly did they resist him. Sore work this for empty stomach, dizzy head, and aching limbs, and the day was upon him—the gray east was growing rosy, the sun was up.

Louis was desperate. His haggard looks, his soiled and stiffened clothing, his very fatigue—all proclaimed fugitive, as though the brand of Cain had been upon him. He went straight to the first house on which he came. A hazel-eyed, pleasant-faced girl answered his knock.

"I am a runaway Federal officer," he said, boldly. "I spent last night in the woods yonder. I am chilled to the bone, starved for food, and dying for sleep. You can tie my hands with the ribbon on your hair, if you like, and take me to Richmond yourself."

"Guess you came to the right place, then," said pleasant face, with a laugh. "We are all Union folks here, and the Union pickets are not half a mile off."

And so Louis was saved, and I read of him the other day in some skirmish, a dashing affair, where he deserved and got honorable mention; and only yesterday I met him on Broadway minus an arm, the left one, but with a blushing, happy-looking little person on the other, whom he introduced as Daisy Balfour. How she got here she (and perhaps he) only knew; but here she is, installed in his mother's house, and I hear there is a wedding soon to be forthcoming.

MR. BLUEIT'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

It was a gusty night that year, the evening of the 24th of December. A whistling, raw, bleak, shivering night, the air being filled with thin, sharp flakes of snow, which whirled up in feathery-looking sprays of drift round the corners and smote one viciously in the face on encountering the blasts. A night when men instinctively cocked their heads to windward as they passed cross streets where the wild wind was holding its malicious frolic.

Mr. Blueit had been all through the peltings of the pitiless storm that day, had faithfully attended to his business, eaten a huge dinner, and now on the edge of bedtime sat, with evening paper in one hand and glass of hot punch at his elbow, toasting his slippered feet before a glowing fire, reposing them, of course, upon a supplementary chair. He had that day cleared out a large order, which had paid very well; he had lately moved into his handsome brown-stone front, in Whiteoak Avenue; his wife was amiable; his furnace operated well; his cook was skillful and amenable to reason—could mortal man ask more? To be sure Mrs. Blueit was not the wisest woman in the world, but she knew enough to appreciate the advantages of her present comfortable position. She had not always been wealthy, consequently she despised poor people with an unction refreshing to behold. On the present occasion the lady had retired early, being overcome of the drowsy god, leaving her lord in undisturbed possession of the cozy lounging-room, with its cheerful fire and lights. Mr. Blueit sat there under the impression that he was reading, but his studies alternated with nods, until at last his burly head fairly drooped into his capacious breast, and Mr. Blueit slept.

Then a crash! as if all the hardware in the house by common consent were holding high carnival below stairs, a sort of exaggerated Donnybrook it seemed. Mr. Blueit started to his feet, out of the room, down stairs.

The kitchen was ablaze with lights, and the range glowed with intense hospitality, as from its gleaming orifices ascended savory odors of daintiest viands—of baking and roasting, fizzling and frying, turning spits, and the tenderest nursling of the trough and sty had not been withheld from that sacrifice—while eager cooks jostled about the clumsy scullions, while delicate Ariels compounded fairy-like confections, and jolliest Pucks relishingly basted the crisping fowls, while the brown bread sent forth its sweet and nourishing fragrance, and infantile pigs were crying their eyes out to be eaten with their own gravies, while high upon the rack of the sideboard, within the dining-room, yet in full view of all the complicated operations, sat the ruler of the storm. Burly of figure, huge of limb, rubicund of nose, shaggy of beard, and jovial of wink and leer, with long icicles, despite the tropical heat of the kitchen, depending from cap and beard, sat Saint Nicholas, issuing his orders and marshaling his forces as if he had been commander of all the cooks from Paris to the Feejee Islands, and Minister Plenipotentiary of the larders from here to Abyssinia. And while the astonished Blueit stood surveying the remarkable scene displayed to his bewildered vision this fat jollity laughed, and shouted, and nodded, and winked, and finally, with a blow of his stout hand on Blueit's shoulder, seated him more suddenly than courteously in one of his own leather-cushioned chairs.

"Glad to see you, Blueit, at last!" cried the Saint; "we've been busy here for some time, and began to fear you weren't coming down at all. Cold for the season—don't you think so, Blueit?"

Mr. Blueit muttered something about the peculiar coolness of taking possession of a man's basement story to raise the dash in, and hinted something about turning the whole pack out of doors.

"Turn us out of doors! That's a good joke! Why, we've only made a beginning here. This is going to be a Christmas-eve to be remembered in the annals of Blueit & Co. When the poor and desolate of Centreville shall rise up and call you blessed, Blueit."

Mr. Blueit was convinced that the gentleman in furs, with whom he was holding this extraordinary conversation, was extremely drunk.

"I've a deal on hand to do, you see, about this time of year," remarked the Saint. "What with taking boxes to the soldiers, with seeing that all the Christmas books and stories are properly written, with filling stockings, and furnishing trees, and seeing that mothers and sisters, and aunts and cousins, do their duty by the little folks, and having a general oversight that poor children are not forgotten, I've about all I can attend to. But this big supper of Blueit & Co.—"

"What!!"

"Why, yes, you see Blueit & Co. are going to entertain all their employés Christmas-day; and I concluded that, with such a splendid range as this, we might do part of the work here. Don't be concerned about the cook in the morning, I've a battalion of brownies waiting to clean up and leave every thing in the best of order. An excellently-appointed kitchen, Blueit; very few ranges work as well—nearly as good as my own in Hecla—though we rather excel you on the hot-water arrangements. Blazius!"

A tall, thin, wiry creature, in a cook's cap and apron, whom Blueit had watched with much interest for some time, as he whirled the roast fowls out of the range and into platters with a celerity that defied calculation, now approached the jovial Saint.

"Is your work finished, Blazius?"

"It is; there only remains what the brownies can easily finish."

"Then take care of Mr. Blueit while he goes to give out his invitation; and don't let one be forgotten, Mr. Blueit: you will accompany Blazius. I'd be glad to be of the party, but I have a large quantity of German toys to look over, and must be excused."

So there was no choice but for Mr. Blueit to clasp the brown leathery hand of his goblin guide, and follow him out into the gusty night. He did take time to catch his heavy coat from its peg in the basement entry and his wide-awake hat, and frantically snatching on a huge pair of boots which stood there, and dragging them on, stood ready to accompany Blazius, who now appeared in the guise of a thin gentlemanly fellow in a brown overcoat and soft hat, and led the stout but now trembling ready-made-clothing merchant out of the street-door.

The long plumy whirls of snow came dancing down the street like ghosts, but the gaslights were still bright; for the waning moon had not yet risen, and the shops were gay with holiday goods and gear, and the sidewalks were still full of busy people, their backs sparkling with the powdery snow, and the sleigh-bells were filling the frosty air with their jingling cadences. Of all the throng, Mr. Blueit became aware that they were following only two, a woman and a boy, who hurried along hand in hand, taking little heed of the busy shops with their tempting wares so lavishly displayed, and intent only on gaining shelter from the biting wind. Into the dark alley and up the creaking stair they followed—Blueit and his phantom guide. The door yielded to their touch, and our two friends followed them into the room. It was all cold and dark, and if it had not been, Blueit felt with a shiver that they would not have heeded them. The boy was lighting a candle, poor child! and his fingers trembled so that he could scarcely hold the match; but he did it, finally. First a smudgy smell of sulphur and phosphorus, and a sputter—then a jet of flame, a glow, a smell of tallow—another sputter, then a pale languid flame. They then kindled a fire in the cracked stove of some bits of limy laths and a scrap of wood or two, evidently picked up in the streets. The red light gleamed up through the fractures into the two pale thin faces as they warmed their bony fingers over it, and Blueit remembered the shadowy faces. His own mother's, his own boy face, his own poor little wee self!

There was only a bit of a bone of meat, some thrice-warmed coffee, innocent of milk or sugar, and a very hard heel of a loaf; but they greedily ate and drank what there was, and hovered over the fast-fading fire, as if to eagerly absorb into themselves all that there might be of warmth and vitality before it should smoulder into ashes: there was a world of care and want, of poverty and cold, in the pinched and wrinkled face—old before its time, bending so yearningly over the boy. Poor Mrs. Blueit had been making some shirts for Judge Handsaw, and had duly taken them home that night; but the lady had not had the change by her, so there was little of fire or supper in the Blueit attic that night. Mr. Blueit heard her tell the boy, and remembered that his own wife had bidden a poor woman at his door that very night to go away and come again at a more convenient season.

Dear, dear! how the poor thing did cough! as the woman and child lay down together on the crazy bedstead, and tried to club together what little there was of warmth and life between the two.

"Jocy!" said the woman, "did you try again if Mr. Jones wanted a bundle-boy to-day?"

"Yes, mother," answers the little fellow; "but he wants genteel lads. I was far too ragged. I said I was mended up pretty well, and I would soon buy good clothes if he would hire me; and he laughed real ugly, and said, 'Oh yes, soon enough I'll engage; and too soon too:' and I went off and begged an old broom and swept crossings, but nobody give me any thing; and the men wouldn't trust me with any papers to sell to-night, either."

"I wish Mrs. Handsaw would pay me what she owes me," said Mrs. Blueit. "The last ones I took home she was out of town, and I had to wait for weeks for my pay; and to-night she hadn't the change. I almost wish she knew how poor we are; but I'm afraid if she did she wouldn't trust me with the linen. God help us, Jocy, through this bitter winter!" and the racking cough showed that something was helping her rapidly through her short lease of life.

Jocy rolled a billet of wood in his little jacket, and put it under her head to raise it and ease the cough, and presently they slept.

There stole into the room a sharper chill and a thin weird light as of approaching day, smothering itself through the cobwebbed panes. There was no coughing now, as Jocy rubbed his eyes open. Ah, poor Jocy—it's no use, child—*she* won't have to wait on Mrs. Handsaw's pleasure. The widow's Friend is righting all of her wrongs. There are no dawdling delays there. Oh, Joe! how could you ever forget those sharpened features, those emaciated feet, that deadly chill of touch overmastering the December morning!

"Oh my God, for all my sins have thou mercy on me!" groaned Blueit, and shuddered through forty years of his existence, back to those days which were passing before him.

And the vision faded like a cloud, and the strange pair were once more in the street. It was still evening out of doors, and Blueit descried his own porter, honest fellow! with his toes sticking out of his boots, as he passed them hurrying home, lugging a basket of potatoes with a bit of meat wrapped in a brown paper stuck in a corner of it. Blueit remembered that he had picked up and restored to him that morning a ten-dollar greenback, for which Blueit had thanked him. Really, now, it was too bad—and his wife with a young baby at home too! But Bill never complained, and how was he to know how things went on at home with all of his men? He would never have known about the new baby if he had not just happened to have heard him telling Peter, the fireman, of it.

Then they passed a milliner's shop in Millinette Place. A pretty girl sat at the end of the counter weaving a chenille net, and a fast young fellow lounged against the counter, sucking his cane and ogling the girl as she worked. Presently she pricked her finger, and the exquisite dropped his cane to caress the delicate injured digit, unmindful of a big-whiskered fellow who had entered the shop and stood watching them both. Not that he had much chance to observe them either, for the next instant Mr. Leroy Fayneant sprawled on the floor beneath the substantial fist of the big-whiskered fellow, in whom Blueit recognized himself once more.

"Served him right!" was Blueit's maturer verdict on this youthful escapade, as the vision passed before him of the fair coquette, who, now safely nestled under his matrimonial wing, was pointed out on the Forest Drive as the "beautiful Mrs. Blueit with her two-thousand-dollar horses and carriage."

Blueit saw a great many things in that gusty walk with his slender and gentlemanly, but mysterious guide. He saw his cashier go into a blind-looking doorway, and he and Blazius crept after him; and the way the greenbacks piled the tables, and the little white-winged ministers of evil flew away with more than a quarter's salary at a sweep was a caution and a surprise to the uninitiated. His confidential clerk, too, came out at the green-room door of the theatre, and drove away to a select supper with a few dramatic friends; that saintly youth who would not so much as hear the nigger minstrels lest his influence in Sabbath-school should be lost. But that was later still in the evening. Now the streets were full of people, warmly and handsomely clad, going in and out of the grocers, the poulterers, and the fruiterers; pinching fat turkeys, selecting rich clusters of grapes, ordering groceries and good things enough to satisfy an army, it seemed; while through the streets was blown, hither and yonder at the mercy of the merry wind, the rich fragrance of the hemlock and pine boughs with which the shops were decked for the festal season. Evergreens every where. Some miniature pines hurrying home that the Christ-child might hang them full of gifts. Refuse greens from churches and public halls, ground underfoot into the snow-dust, yet, like faithful Christmas, giving forth the most precious odor under the vilest usage. You could get glimpses of rich dark wreaths around bright pictures on lofty walls of stately houses as you passed. You could breathe the incense of the "fir-tree, and the pine, and the cedar together," as you passed a church, and the poor children dragged home branches of the refuse to make humble lodgings gay with just a bit of Christmas. There went Blueit's sweeper now with a Bologna sausage and a pretzel in a paper under his arm, and a branch of pine to stick over his window; and the cheap shop is hung with pines and tricolors, and even the carcasses at the door wear them. There is much good in your pine and hemlock tree, however considered. There are poor women and shivering children peering in at the windows of the toy-shop, where richly-dressed dolls, swinging to and fro in the warm light, mocked, with their air of stolid comfort, the shrill whistle of the wintry wind as it flapped about the thin garments of these wretched ones.

"Good stranger, spirit, goblin, or whatever you are," moaned out poor Blueit, "who are these? and why are they following us? Look! look! behind, the line stretching out! And who are you—you are so terrible, and after all so kindly too?"

"These friends of ours," replied the goblin, "why, the most of them are your own employés, and a few of your humbler friends, that from time to time I invited to join us, and partake of the magnificent Christmas-dinner which you propose to give in your great packing-room on Christmas afternoon. They don't look as if they'd be the worse of a hearty meal, d'ye think? And there's a few ragged uniforms that I guess we'll find room for, eh? and some of their wives and little folks too, maybe. It's a good while since they had a taste of turkey. And as for myself, I appear rather differently in different times and places. Sometimes I appear as the Scotch brownie, and work in the night for the housemaid, you know, and get a pot of cream—under the stair duly set for me at night—in consideration of my services. I appeared in the character of Asmodeus at one time, and the Germans have another odd name for me too. Just now I am Blazius, head cook and major-domo to the excellent St. Nicholas—also Mr. Blueit's most humble servant." And with a smile of grotesque benevolence distending his leathery jaws, the brownie bowed low to the bewildered Blueit, who could not choose but gaze at the motley procession behind him. There were poor women who hovered near a poor maimed figure in a faded blue uniform, with perhaps an empty sleeve or leg, or some other dreadful mutilation to cover as best they might. And pale, thin, hungry-eyed women, with pricked and blackened forefingers, with hollow cheeks and white lips, and some had a poor bit of black stuff about them, and great dark circles—tear-stained—under the eyes, showing that no helpless living wreck was making their lives precious to them by its dependence and weakness, and revealing how strong a habit mere existence had become, that it still clutched its hold with the dead weight dragging the other way. There were aged people, leaning on the arm of their children, who were fading to shadows trying to keep the Great Shadow from the venerated forms beside them. And some whose tawdry finery and mocking laughter showed that the battle was over, the sharp struggle for bread past, and the free, savage life of the street fairly commenced.

And Mr. Blueit began to wonder if six cents apiece for making shirts, with deductions in case of imperfect work, wasn't *rather* a tight fit, with flour at nine dollars a barrel, and coal eleven dollars a ton.

"Shall I ask 'em?" inquired Blazius, jerking his long thumb backward.

"Yes—oh yes!" Blueit answered. "Poor things!" He began to understand what this long chilly tramp meant.

They were all following them—poor sewing women, shivering little children, porters out at the elbows; smart clerks, boarding themselves in attics, to keep one decent suit in which to serve the counter; thin, pale fellows, with hard coughs. Not a very festally-appearing crowd, thought the poor merchant. As they filed along, Blueit had an odd suspicion that the dinner was to have come off upon Christmas-day, and a feeling that he had lost all account of time since he had started out with Blazius. But here they were, in front of the great warehouse—the whole building lighted; gas-jets flamed from every cornice; the great doors stood open, and the crowd streamed in. The great room, with its counters doing duty as royally-spread tables, was all a tremble with gay banners, bright starry flags, and evergreen garlands quivering in the glorious music of the band at the end of the hall. And upon the dais now arose to bid them welcome that ruddy saint, beloved of all children and true-hearted Manhattoes, St. Nicholas. Blazius led Blueit up near the saint, then, bowing, withdrew to his own duties, which, judging by the wolfish looks of the guests as they disposed themselves about the room, promised to be no sinecure.

"Friends," said the venerable Santa Claus, "in the name of Him who has bidden us welcome to his everlasting feast do I bid you welcome to this which your friend has provided for you."

Like the fields of July under grasshoppers, like Egypt under the locusts, the tables were cleared, and again and again from unseen sources replenished, till even that starving crowd were satisfied.

"Blueit! Blueit! A speech! a speech!"

A speech!—poor Blueit!

"You must."

"I can't."

"Just try."

"I won't."

"Just a word, you know, and I'll help you if you stick," whispered Blazius.

Blueit struggled to his feet.

"Friends and fellow-citizens," he began, "and gentlemen of the jury—no, hang it!—ladies and gentlemen—on this painful—no, confound it!—Friends, I've a word to say, and I must talk on in my own fashion. I've been boss here a good many years. Men and women, I've worked you hard; sometimes I've ground you. I own it. I was poor. I wanted to be rich. I'd known harder poverty than any of you, and it made me a brute. I'm ashamed of it. I've seen its workings to-night. I know that sixpence apiece for making shirts don't make honest poverty. It makes some of you desperate, and some of you—starve. It sha'n't be so any more. The boss is going to be your friend. Wages—" [Cheers] "wages shall be living wages, not starvation wages. And I've a word more to say: I've always been a Union man, and I gave ten thousand to raise men, and ten more for the commissions, and I hope it all did good. I'm no speech-maker, and dull at talking; but I am going to give some more money for the glorious cause; I'm going to help the soldiers' widows and orphans till the country gets ready to do something for them. They shall have the preference, in hiring hands at fair wages; and if any poor soul has got a wounded hero at home, I sha'n't wait for him to die; but I want to know it, and shake his fist, if he has got one left, with a ten-dollar bill in it, maybe; and, if there's no fist, if there's enough of his breast left to cover his heart, it'll do to lay something on. It is a hard world, men, and there's a many ways of going wrong; but the easiest of all ways is forgetting the poor, and that we were once poor ourselves. I deserve no credit for to-night. Our friend in the furs did it all; but, please God, we shall go on better hereafter."

And Blueit sat down amidst a terrible clamor of applause, which certainly was deserved, for I don't believe a worthy, stout, middle-aged gentleman in the ready-made-clothing line ever made a more extraordinary speech since I began to record the marvelous experiences of Santa Claus than the one I have chronicled above; and the effect of the applause was as wonderful as the speech itself, for with the last sound Mr. Blueit suddenly awoke! Seated upon his hearth-rug, crowned with his own large chair, the one whereon his understanding had serenely reposed having incontinently retired upon its castors in good order to the other side of the room. Otherwise, the room cold, the fire out, the brandy-and-water all drank up, and the clock at 2 A.M. December 24.

Blueit gathered himself up and replaced his chair, lighted his candle, and shivered up stairs.

"Thank Heaven! it is only the day before Christmas yet, and plenty of time," yawned Blueit, as he deposited his icy bulk between the blankets, and proceeded to finish his Dream.

"Mrs. Blueit," remarked that gentleman at breakfast next morning, "did Mary Kirby bring home my new shirts last night?"

"Yes—Mr. B. this roll is cold, another please!—and something reminded me that I owed her five dollars too, but Lupin & Maribeau has just emptied my purse. A bit of the steak, if you please."

"Sorry; you should not let it happen; touch the bell, Jessie."

"John!"

"Yes, Sir."

"Get ready and take this five to Mrs. Mary Kirby; tell her Mrs. Blueit has more work for her; and John—"

"Yes, Sir."

"Stop at M'Vicars, and see if he has any nice turkeys; pick out a hen turkey, a nice fat yearling, and take it to her; and tell M'Vicar—d'ye hear?—to send three to the house."

"Yes, Sir."

"And other fowls and things, and *all* the rest to my wareroom by ten, and bring me the bill."

"Ye-es, Sir."

"Mr. Blueit, I think you are crazy! What upon earth do you want of several hundred fowls at the warehouse? I shall send for your friends. You are losing your wits! You are wasting your property! Oh dear! oh dear!"

And poor little Mrs. Blueit wrung her jeweled fingers, and actually cried behind her two inches of cambric.

"Not a bit of it. John, you stop at Dunsheimer's, and buy Katy Kirby a nice big doll. Here's another five, and tell her Mrs. Blueit sent it."

"Yes, Sir." And it's my belief that if Dr. Agnew could have seen John's optics dilate he would forever eschew belladonna, and employ unexpected benevolence, the reaction being so much more comfortable. So John departed, imparting his belief to Mary, whom he met going up with the clean towels, that "Something was wrong o' the old man; but 's longs my money's safe, and I guess it be, it's none of my business if he does throw fives in the street."

The moment John was out of the room Mrs. Blueit began to pace the floor and bewail the mental decay and overthrow of her poor husband.

Mr. Blueit finished his breakfast, put on his over-coat, and came back with hat and gloves in hand, not liking to leave Jessie feeling so badly, when it suddenly occurred to him that he had not told her a word of his wonderful Dream, and how it had wrought upon him.

So Blueit, who was not a bad husband, sat down and drew his pretty, weeping wife on his knee, told her of the marvelous vision, and especially did he dwell upon the glimpses of his past and early life of his forsaken childhood, his dead mother, the poor people in the streets the Christmas-eve, and, not least, the pretty girl in Millinette Place, down to his sudden awakening under the capsized chair before the cold and ashy grate.

"And now, Jessie," said Blueit, "dreams come to a man for good sometimes. I'm going to serve my country now to some purpose. I've given before this for pride and vain glory. I'm going to give now for—for—for what folks go to church for, you know." And Blueit bolted off.

When Blueit's people went home that night they carried each a fat fowl for dinner on Christmas, and the boys had books or money, and even the little children at home, too little to work, had candy and toys, cheap to be sure, but sufficient. And, best of all, the workmen were each held worthy of their hire—good, sufficient hire—thereafter.

"And to think," said little Mrs. Blueit, "that Joe should remember, after so many years, that it was Christmas-eve that he knocked down Mr. Leroy Fayneant for kissing my hand, and dream of it at this late day. I must have been pretty then."

And the little figure, in its dainty blue wrapper and pretty slippers, refreshed itself by a look in the pier glass. "How oddly dreams do affect some men! Women ain't so silly." And Mrs. Blueit studied her splendid solitaire on the left forefinger. "But now—wasn't that odd about kissing my hand?"

MY VISION.

THE night was dark; the wild, wet wind was sighing
In fitful gusts, and scattering drops of rain,
From the low clouds that southward fast were flying,
Pattered against the roof; and I, in pain
And weakness, lay and listened, while each vein
Thrilled with a boding sense of coming ill,
And something I could feel, but ne'er explain—
A strange, mysterious awe—o'ercame my will,
And hushed my throbbing heart, and made my blood
run chill.

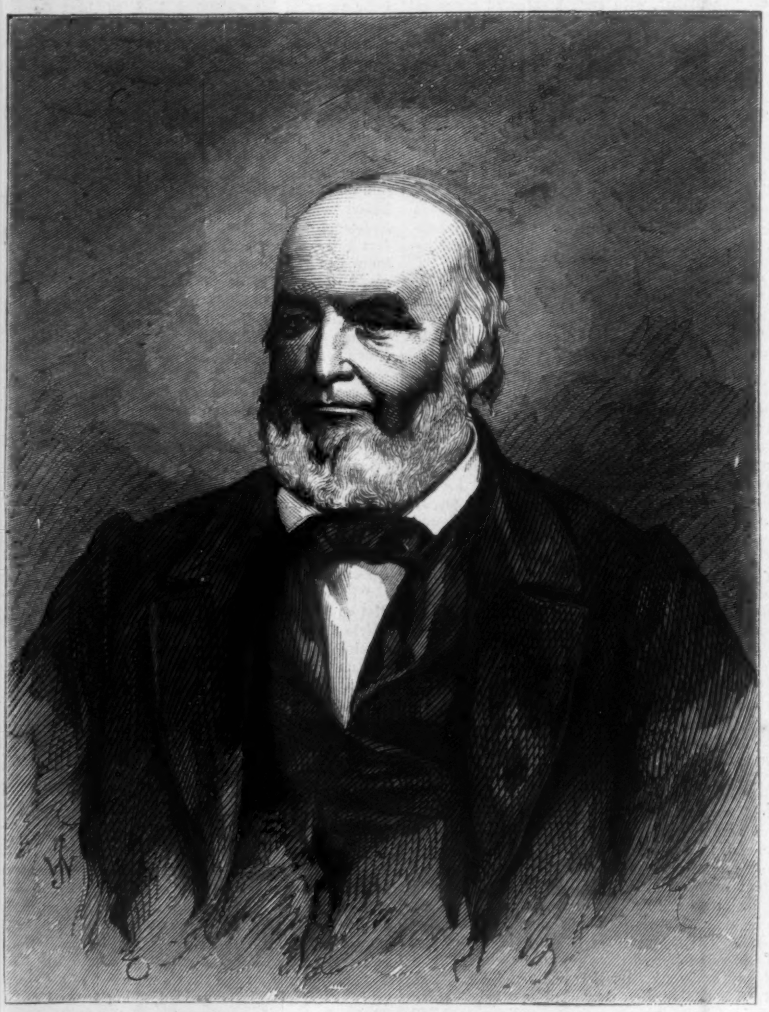
The very air seemed full of unseen evil;
And I could fancy, 'mid the gathering gloom,
Each deeper shade was but some lurking devil
On dark designs intent. Some awful doom
Seemed just impending. Were the demons come
Up from their torments to prepare new woes
For guilty man? "How soon, alas! shall some,
Unthinking now, ere e'en this night shall close,
New anguish feel, or seek their long, their last repose!"

I slept at last, worn out by anxious fears,
But sudden seemed to waken, with a scream
Of piercing horror ringing in my ears,
And calling me, too, did its accent seem.
Then, with the quick transition of a dream,
A late-deserted battle-field I trod
In search of him. The moon's pale, pitying gleam
Cast sickly radiance on the blood-stained sod
Where thousands, unprepared, had gone to meet their
God.

At last, 'neath a low willow's drooping shade,
I found him—my dear, only brother—lying
In a dark pool his own life-blood had made.
Wildly I called him: "Brother, are you dying?"
No answer, but the low, convulsive sighing
And gasp for breath. O God! And then I tried
To rouse him; and at last he, too, seemed trying.
And then his strange, wild eyes were opened wide,
And his hand harder pressed upon his bleeding side.

* * * * * * *

But ere he died he knew me—grasped my hand,
And whispered, "Brother!"—faintly, sweetly smiled,
And looked toward Heaven. And in that better land
I hope to meet him, and am reconciled
To sorrow here. Say not my vision wild
Was but a feverish dream; for soon there came
News of the "Glorious Victory"—so 'twas styled;
But I saw only my dead brother's name.
And one sad joy alone remains to me—
He knew that I was with him in his agony.



HON. JOHN BROUGH, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF OHIO.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY O. H. WILLARD.]

HON. JOHN BROUGH.

WE give on this page a Portrait, from a photograph by Mr. O. H. Willard, of the Hon. JOHN BROUGH, Governor-elect of Ohio. Mr. Brough was born at Marietta, Ohio, in 1811. He was brought up in a printing-office; he became at length editor of a local paper in Marietta, entered into politics, and for several years held the office of Auditor of the State. He afterward became editor of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, long before that journal had its present notoriety. He had in Ohio the reputation of being a great stump speaker; in 1840 he and Corwin were considered the first political speakers in the State. For the past fifteen years he has been connected neither with politics nor the press, having been engaged in various railroad enterprises in the West. He was for a while President of the Cincinnati and Indianapolis Railroad; and he is at this time President of the Cleveland, Bellefont, and Indianapolis Railroad. He is a popular man, and has peculiar talent for finance. He re-entered the political world again last year after an absence of fifteen years, and although originally, like Dickinson and others, a member of the old Democratic Party, gave a hearty support to the Administration. It was his great speech at Marietta for the war and the Union that probably secured his nomination as Governor of the State, upon the duties of which office he will enter the first of January next. His majority over Vallandigham was the largest Ohio ever gave, being about one hundred thousand.

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

WE publish on pages 820, 821, and 829 several sketches representing THE STORMING AND CAPTURE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN by General Hooker, on November 24, 1863. Our correspondent writes:

"There has not during the war been a more gallant fight than the assault by General Hooker's column upon the rebel works on Lookout Mountain. The men, climbing the steep mountain-side under a severe fire from the many rifle-pits, were never checked. Whitaker's brigade, sweeping over the ridge and taking in rear the works by the White House, is the subject of the sketch on page 820, the skirmishers of Geary's division being in the fore-ground. The line of battle, as it swept over the ridge, was composed of the divisions of Generals Cruft, Geary, and Osterhaus, the other divisions of Hooker's column being disposed on the flanks and as supports. The picture on page 829 illustrates further the same affair.

"The centre picture on page 821 represents the brigades of General Whitaker and Colonel Ireland, of Cruft's and Geary divisions—Whitaker's brigade stretching to the rocks that from the crest of the mountain swept over the ridge on which the rebel rifle-pits were located. At this place the fight was short and severe.

"The other drawings on the same page show the rebel work on the crest of the mountain, from which the rebels did not remove the guns (two light pieces) until after night-fall; and the sketch of the crest of the mountain will explain why we did not get up there in time to capture them. On the morning of the 25th Captain Wilson, Sergeants Wagers, Davis, and Woods, and Privates Hill and Bradley, of the Eighth Kentucky regiment, Colonel Barnes, volunteered to place the colors of the regiment on the rocks forming the top of the mountain. Up they went, gaining the top by a route such that a single rebel might have disposed of the party. As the sun rose the next morning its first ray brightened the old flag on the very top of Lookout Mountain, as represented in one of the small drawings."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

HOMEOPATHIC SOUP.

TAKE a robin's leg,
Mind, the drumstick merely;
Put it in a tub,
Filled with water nearly.

Set it out of doors,
In a place that's shady;
Let it stand a week
(Three days for a lady).

Put a spoonful in
To a five-quart kettle,
It should be of tin,
Or perhaps bell-metal.

Fill the kettle up,
Put it on a boiling;
Skim the liquor well
To prevent its oiling.

Let the liquor boil
Half-an-hour or longer
(If 'tis for a man
You may make it stronger).

Should you now desire
That the soup be flavory,
Stir it once around
With a stalk of savory.

When the soup is done,
Set it by to jell it;
Then three times a day
Let the patient smell it.

If he chance to die,
Say 'twas Nature did it;
But should he get well,
Give the Soup the credit.

MOTHER WIT.

FIRST COSTER. "I say, Bill, wot's the meanin' o' Congress?"

SECOND COSTER. "A shee heel. Female of Conger."

POLITICAL ECONOMY.—Splitting your Vote.

Where does Neptune stable his horses?—Why, wherever the Sea-Mews may be, of course.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.—Mixing Whisky-toddy.

An Irishman who was at the celebrated battle of Bull Run was somewhat startled when the head of his companion on the left was taken off by a cannon-ball. In a few minutes, however, a spent ball broke off the finger of his comrade on the other side. The latter threw down his gun and howled with pain, when the Irishman rushed upon him, exclaiming, "You owld woman, stop cryin'! You are making more noise about it than the man who just lost his head."

"John, can you tell me the difference between attraction of gravitation and attraction of cohesion?" "Yes, Sir," said John. "Attraction of gravitation pulls a drunken man to the ground, and the attraction of cohesion prevents his getting up again."

SEEING DOUBLE.—An old miser, who was notoriously parsimonious, being ill, was obliged reluctantly to consult a doctor. "What shall I do with my head?" said the old man; "it's so dizzy I seem to see double." The doctor wrote a prescription and retired; the recipe ran thus; "When you see double, you will find relief if you count your money."

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.—An old writer says that to make an entirely beautiful woman it would be necessary to take the head from Greece, the bust from Austria, the feet from Hindostan, the shoulders from Italy, the walk from Spain, and the complexion from England. At that rate she would be a Mosaic, and the man who married her might well be said to have "taken up a collection."

Mrs. Macaulay having published her "Loose Thoughts," Mr. Sheridan was asked whether he did not think it a strange title for a lady to choose. "By no means," replied he; "the sooner a woman gets rid of such thoughts the better."

"Be content with what you have," as the rat said to the trap when he left his tail in it.

A lady who wears a pretty little slipper is often loved by the *foot*.

The busiest coopers in these times are those that hoop the ladies.

Why is an unwelcome visitor like a shady tree?—Because we are glad when he leaves.

A player, performing the *Ghost* in Hamlet very badly, was hissed; after bearing it a good while, he put the audience in good humor, by stepping forward and saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am extremely sorry that my humble endeavors to please are unsuccessful; but if you are not satisfied, I must give up the ghost."

A person in public company accusing the Irish nation with being the most unpolished in the world, was mildly answered by an Irish gentleman, "that it ought to be otherwise, for the Irish met with hard rubs enough to polish any nation upon earth."

Parker, bishop of Oxford, being asked by an acquaintance, what was the best body of divinity, replied, "That which can help a man to keep a coach and six horses."

A recruiting sergeant lately accosted an honest hind in Northumberland, saying, "Come, my lad, you'll fight for your Queen, won't you?" "Fight for t' Queen?" answered Andrew; "why, hez she fall'n out wi' ony body?"

When Jemima went to school she was asked why the noun "bachelor" was singular. "Because," she replied, "it is so very singular they don't get married."

Upon the failure of a publican, at the sign of the "Robin Hood," an opposite neighbor obtained a license, and called his house "The Little John;" underneath which he wrote:

Now "Robin Hood" is dead and gone—
Come in and drink with "Little John."

A Chinese boy, who was learning English, coming across the passage in his Testament, "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced," rendered it thus: "We have toot, toot to you—what's the matter you no jump?"

Patrick Macfinigan, with a wheel-barrow, ran a race with a locomotive; as the latter went out of sight Mac observed, "Aff wid ye, ye roaring blackguard, or I'll be after running into yees!"

A SCOTCH DINNER.—The noon-day *meal.*

The musician who can make his hearers forget time may be excused for not keeping it.

When you are running from a mad bull, to be slow isn't to be sure."

Why are authors who treat of physiognomy like soldiers?—Because they *write about face.*

What's the use of a seat of war to a standing army?

An urchin, suffering from the application of the birch, said, "Forty rods are said to be a furlong. I know better: let any body get such a licking as I've had, and he'll find out that one rod makes an acher!"

"My son, haven't I told you three times to go and shut that gate?" said a father to a four-year-old. "Yes, and haven't I told you three times that I wouldn't do it. You must be stupid."

"Ah, William, home from the wars? Where is the brother who went with you?" "Ah me! we left our mother together. One of us was killed. How can I bear to tell her which one it was!"

An Irishman was employed to trim some fruit trees. He went in the morning, and, on returning at noon, was asked if he had completed his work. "No," was the reply, "but I have cut them all down, and am going to trim them in the afternoon."

"All bitters have a heating tendency or effect," said a doctor to a lady. "You will except a bitter cold morning, won't you, doctor?" inquired the lady.

The English are a heavy people, and most like a stone of all others. The French are a lively people, and more like a feather.

There are many pickpockets about town just now. So he that would keep his watch, "this let him do—pocket his watch, and watch his pocket, too."

"You are ill, my friend." "Yes, my eye is inflamed, and very painful. Do you know of any remedy?" "Do as I did last week with a tooth—have it out."

Mr. Brown lately went into the country for the first time in his life, and records it as a singular coincidence in nature that every pond he saw—"and there were many of 'em"—had land round it. Mr. Brown is evidently a "natural" philosopher.

Here is what we consider a manifest improvement on the old story of the "Friend in Need:"

A friend in need's a friend indeed,
And this I've found most true;
But mine is such a *needy* friend
He sticks to me like glue.

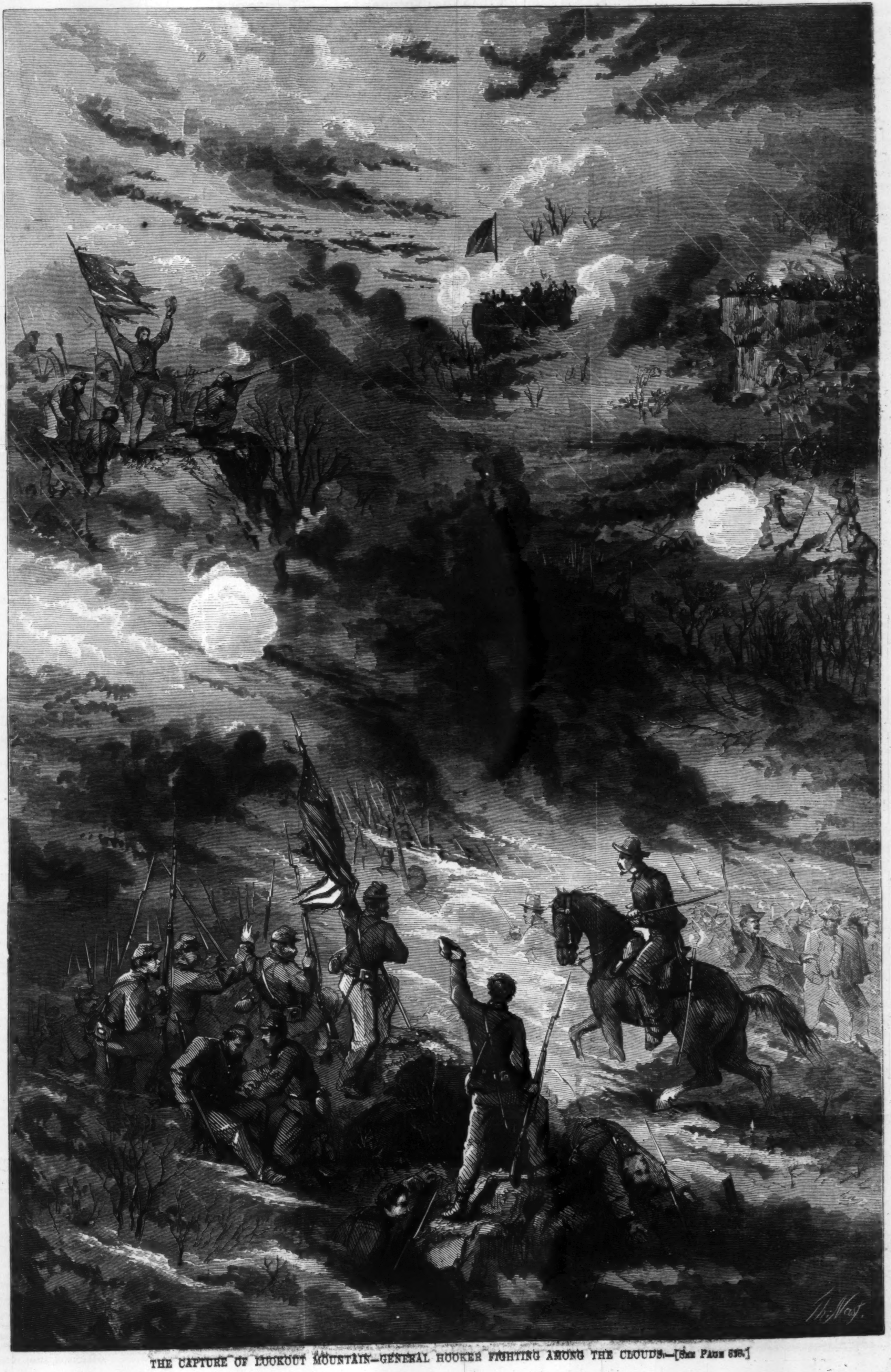
Some time since, two young ladies near Newmarket fell into company with a gipsy, who, for a trifling sum, proposed showing them their future husbands' faces in a pail of water. The water being procured, they were desired to look. They did so; when, discovering nothing strange, they exclaimed, "We see only our own faces." "Well," replied the gipsy, "those will be your husbands' faces when you're married."

TAIL-BEARER.—Naturalists have remarked that the squirrel is continually chatting to his fellow-squirrels in the woods. This, we have every reason to suppose, arises from that animal's love of gossip, as he is notoriously one of the greatest *tail*-bearers among his tribe.

A French bishop, in a sermon, recently administered a philippic to crinoline wearers: "Let women beware (said he) while putting on their profuse and expansive attire, how narrow are the gates of Paradise."

A widow, occupying a large house in a fashionable quarter of London, sent for a wealthy solicitor to make her will, by which she disposed of between fifty and sixty thousand pounds. He proposed soon after, was accepted, and found himself the happy husband of a penniless adventuress.

"What are you doing?" said a father to his son, who was tinkering an old watch. "Improving my time," was the rejoinder.



THE CAPTURE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN—GENERAL HOOKER FIGHTING AMONG THE CLOUDS.—[SEE PAGE 826.]

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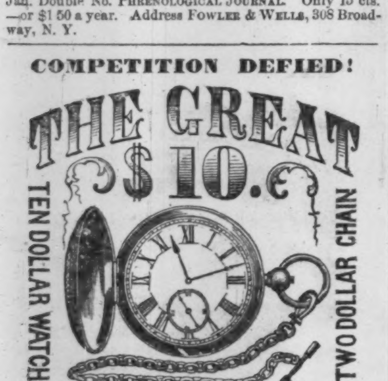

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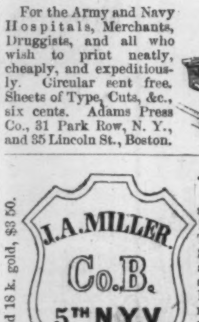
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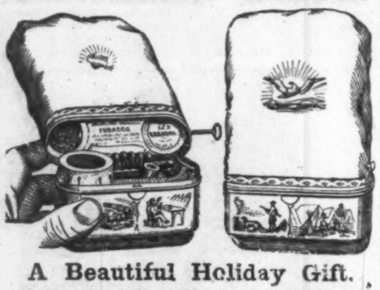

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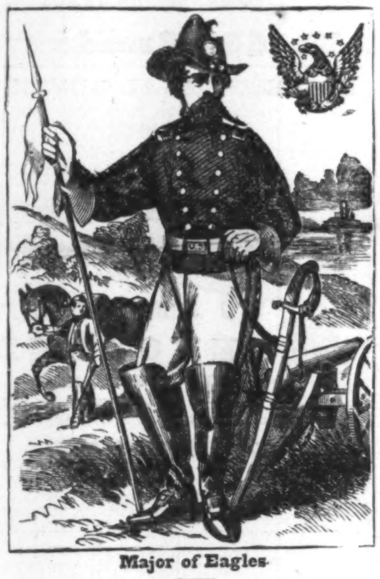

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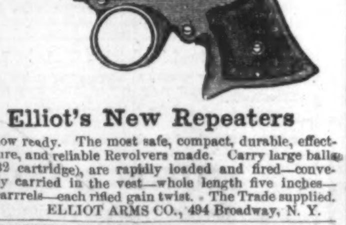

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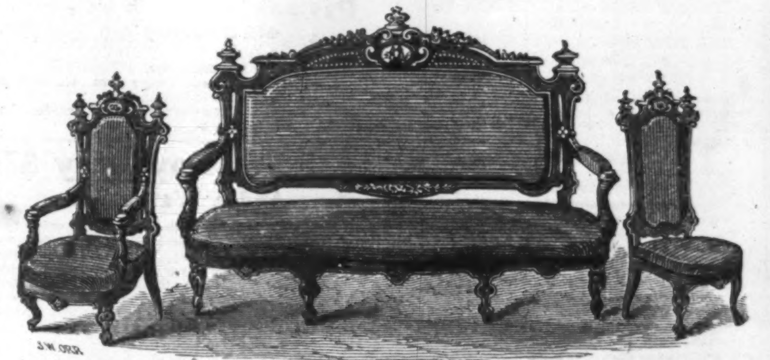

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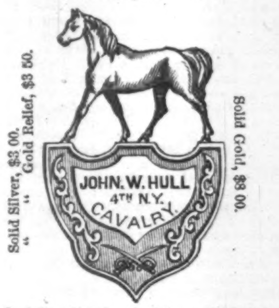
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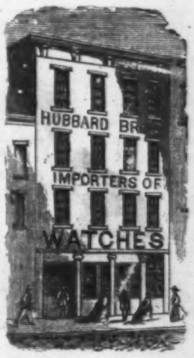

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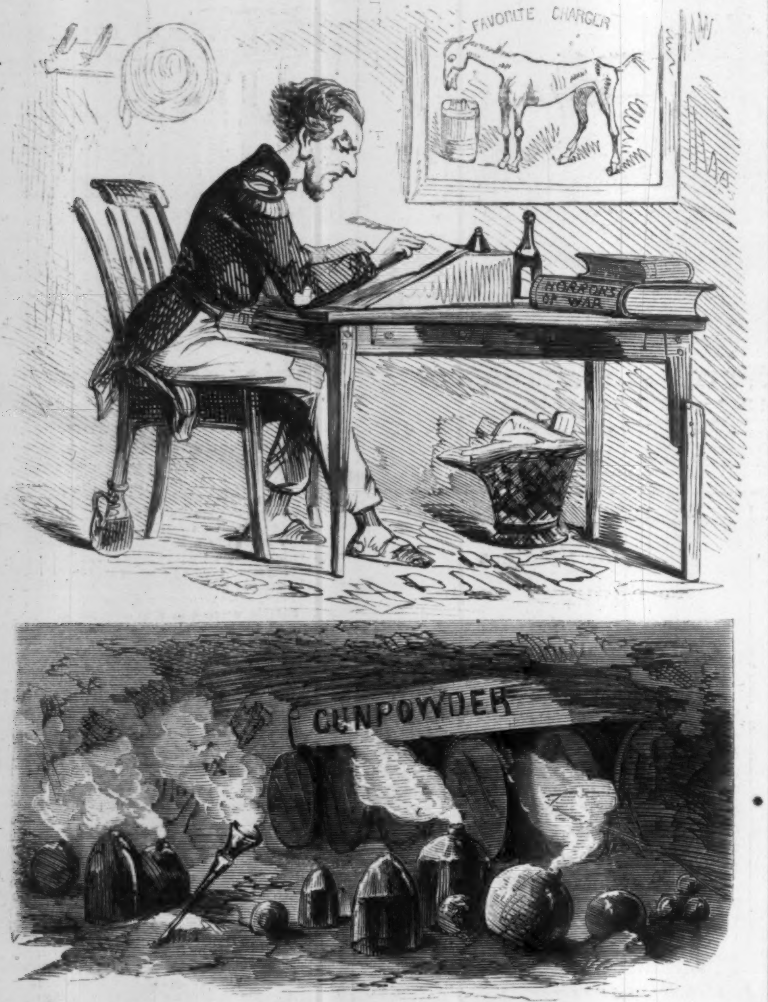

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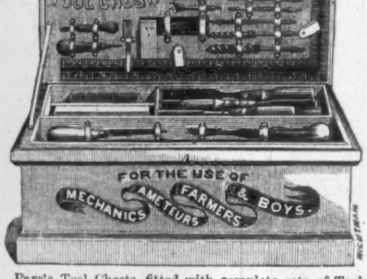
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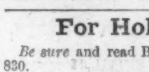

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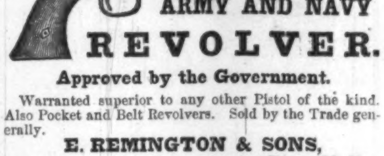

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